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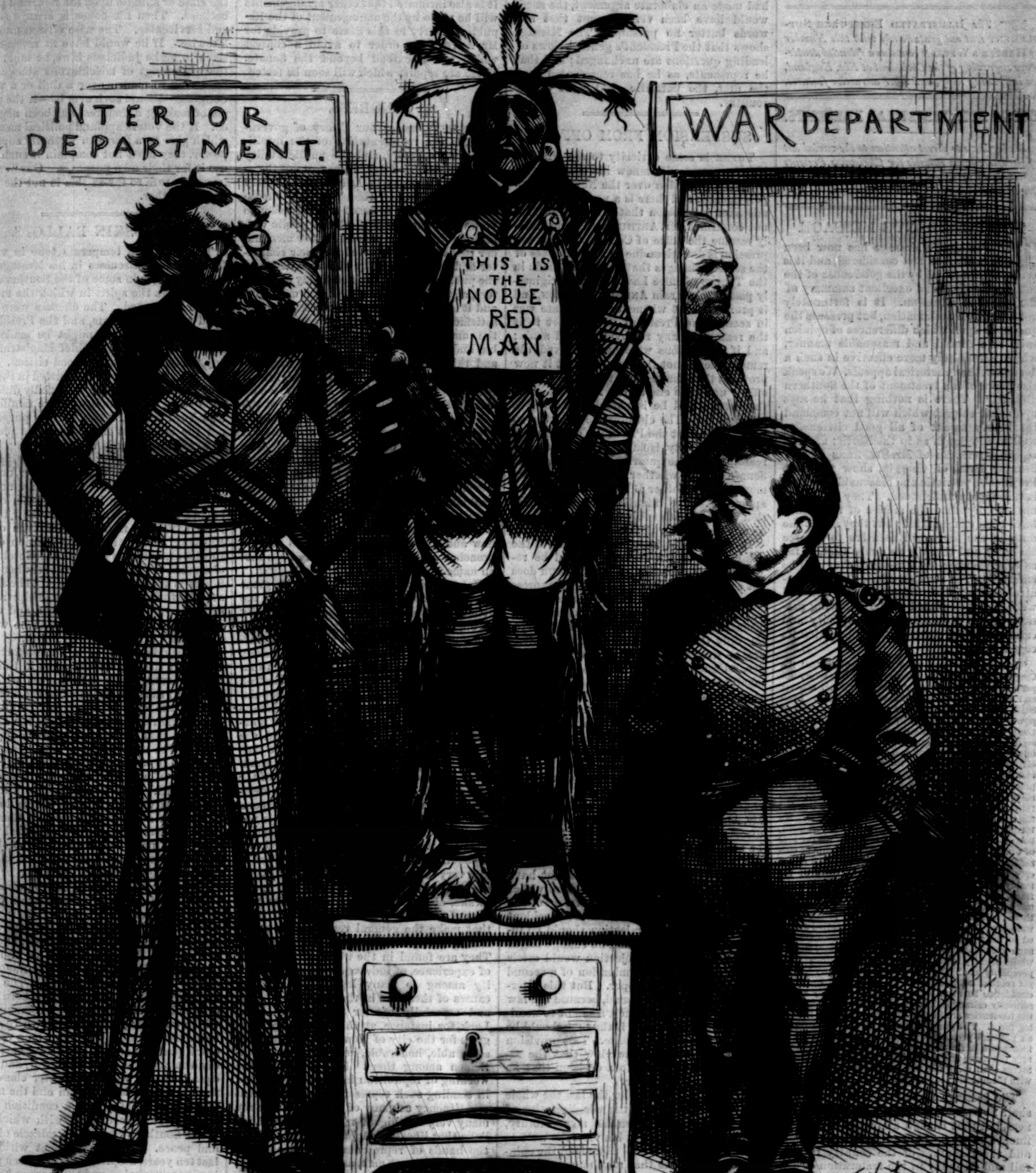
INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.
WAR DEPARTMENT
THIS IS THE NOBLE RED MAN.
Th. Nast

THE NEW INDIAN WAR.

NOW, NO SARCASTIC INNUENDOES, BUT LET US HAVE A SQUARE FIGHT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 21, 1878.

OUR CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

We beg leave to direct attention to the varied list of attractive books suitable for Christmas Presents which is to be found in the Supplement to this Number of Harper's Weekly.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message has now been generally read and considered, and it is evidently approved by the good sense of the country as a just and excellent summary of the political situation. It is fortunately not a partisan declamation, but presents the questions upon which differences of opinion exist in a candid and reasonable manner, which is infinitely more effective in such a document than rhetorical appeals. We speak elsewhere of his treatment of the Southern difficulty. There is nothing that he says upon that subject which will not command the hearty assent of all good citizens, as well in the South as in the North; and the reported remarks of Mr. Stephens and of Senator Hill, of Georgia, show that the President's patriotic and reasonable position is thoroughly understood. They think, not unnaturally, that the stories of the frauds have been exaggerated; but they admit the duty of the national Executive to enforce the laws, and there is no doubt that, so far as depends upon the President, they will be enforced. The relation of the Congressional elections in the States to the national welfare is well stated in the following passage of the Message. The simplicity and calmness of the statement only heighten its cogency:

> "I respectfully urge upon your attention that the Congressional elections, in every district, in a very important sense, are justly a matter of political interest and concern throughout the whole country. Each State, every political party, is entitled to the share of power which is conferred by the legal and constitutional suffrage. It is the right of every citizen, possessing the qualifications prescribed by law, to cast one unintimidated ballot, and to have his ballot honestly counted. So long as the exercise of this power and the enjoyment of this right are common and equal, practically as well as formally, submission to the results of the suffrage will be accorded loyally and cheerfully, and all the departments of government will feel the true vigor of the popular will thus expressed. No temporary or administrative interests of government, however urgent or weighty, will ever displace the zeal of our people in defense of the primary rights of citizenship. They understand that the protection of liberty requires the maintenance in full vigor of the manly methods of free speech, free press, and free suffrage, and will sustain the full authority of government to enforce the laws which are framed to preserve these inestimable rights. The material progress and welfare of the States depend on the protection afforded to their citizens. There can be no peace without such protection, no prosperity without peace, and the whole country is deeply interested in the growth and prosperity of all its parts. While the country has not yet reached complete unity of feeling and reciprocal confidence between the communities so lately and so seriously estranged, I feel an absolute assurance that the tendencies are in that direction, and with increasing force. The power of public opinion will override all political prejudices, and all sectional or State attachments, in demanding that all over our wide territory the name and character of citizen of the United States shall mean one and the same thing, and carry with them unchallenged security and respect."

The Message recommends that Congress shall not meddle with the revival of business, but that it shall allow the healing influence of time, the energies of the people, and the resources of the country to have full and free play in the restoration of general prosperity. This, also, is undoubtedly the earnest wish of the great industrial interest, and the President again speaks for a true national conservatism.

The striking omission of the Message is that of any allusion to the reform of the civil service. This does not argue any abatement of interest in the subject; it shows only either that the President has no distinct measures to recommend, or that he reserves the question for a more special consideration. He has learned undoubtedly that all that can now be done must be effected by him without Congressional assistance. The President has always had in mind the correction of certain salient abuses in the service, and he has done much toward reforming them during his own term. He has largely broken up the practice of Congressional dictation of appointments, and of pecuniary extortions upon the minor officers in the service; and he has in some degree prevented illicit office-holding interference in elections. There are, indeed, plenty of exceptions to be noted, and nothing has been done which could not be undone under another Administration. But it would be as unjust to say that he has done nothing as to declare that he has achieved a final reform. The silence of the Message upon the subject does not mean either that he has changed his views, or that he has surrendered to the spoilsmen; and if he had made an elaborate argument, the sneer would have been very prompt that fine words butter no parsnips. The Message shows that the President's general views of leading questions are unchanged; and that he represents, as he has represented from the first, the patriotic good sense of the country.

SUSPENSION FROM OFFICE.

There is some curiosity to see whether Mr. Conkling will renew his contest with the Administration over the New York appointments; and there is a very general but mistaken impression that if Mr. Merritt is not confirmed, Mr. Arthur will immediately resume the office of Collector. This impression is doubtless due to forgetfulness of the serious changes that have been made in the Tenure-of-office Law. It was originally passed to restrain Andrew Johnson, and it provided that whenever the Senate was in session the President must report to it the reasons of any removal he had made; and if the reasons were not approved, the removal could not take place. But it now provides that the President may suspend an officer until the end of the next session of the Senate, and he is not obliged to give any reasons. The old practice has been so far restored that the President, acting upon his responsibility, is supposed to have good reasons; and the question submitted to the Senate is not whether A ought to be removed, but whether B is a fit person to be appointed. The intention of the modification was unquestionably to restore the President's power over the offices.

In the present instance, therefore, if the nomination of Mr. Merritt should be rejected, the suspension of Mr. Arthur does not expire, because it continues, by express provision, to the end of the session. The rejection of Mr. Merritt would not be a declaration that there should be no change, but only that, in the judgment of the Senate, he was not a proper person for the office. Under the law the President would nominate another person, and his rejection would mean no more than that of Mr. Merritt. If at the end of the session there should have been no confirmation of a successor to the late Collector, what would be the situation? Evidently the suspension of last July would end, and Mr. Arthur would resume. But simultaneously the sole power of the President would recur, and still deeming a change necessary, he would again suspend Mr. Arthur. It is said that this would be discourteous to the Senate. But this could be only upon the assumption that the Senate had decided that there should be no removal. This, however, it would not have done. It would have decided simply that it did not consent to the appointment of one or more other persons whom the President had named. If the rejection should be interpreted as deciding that no change ought to be made, the first rejection would settle the matter, and the nomination of a second person would be improper. But this interpretation can not be sound, because the law expressly commands the President to nominate "another person" if the first should be unacceptable to the Senate. This provision distinctly precludes the view that the rejection is equivalent to a decision that no change should be made.

When, therefore, under the law the whole subject is relegated to the sole discretion of the President, he, upon his responsibility, takes such action as in his view the welfare of the service requires. Moreover, the opinion of the Senate that no change ought to be made, even were it formally declared—although in this case it would not be—could not bind the equal judgment of the President that a change is necessary. If the two powers can agree, it is well; but if they can not, the discretion of each is unimpaired. Presumptively, indeed, the President understands the needs of the Executive department better than the Senate. But this point is not raised. It is enough that the Executive in this matter, under the law, is perfectly independent. It would, indeed, be a breach of comity, although it would seem to be strictly legal, to appoint in place of a suspended officer a person whom the Senate had deliberately rejected. This, however, is a case not likely to occur. If the nomination of Mr. Merritt should be rejected, the President would probably nominate another person, but in no event, unless the President should change his view of his duty, could Mr. Arthur do more than formally resume the office. We observe a hope expressed in some quarters that Mr. Conkling will not re-open the contest. So far as the restoration of Mr. Arthur is concerned, the action of Mr. Conkling is unimportant, unless the President should think it for the interest of the service to refrain from a second suspension. Mr. Conkling may be able to prevent the confirmation of Mr. Merritt and Mr. Burt and Mr. Graham, but, except in the case we mention, his power would end there. It is also intimated that other arrangements will be made by the management of the Republican party in this State to provide for Mr. Arthur, in order to avoid a contest which would extend beyond the Senate. These are reports which will soon be tested.

CONGRESS.

Congress, under our theory of government, is the representation of the intelligence, the sagacity, and the public ability of the country. The citizens can not themselves assemble, as in Athens, and directly make the laws, and therefore they choose their wisest men to meet and interchange views and determine what the public welfare requires. The representative men, under this view, are selected for their character and proved capacity and experience in the public service. Their assembly is, therefore, a guarantee of just and wise measures, and it is naturally hailed with pleasure and satisfaction by the more intelligent part of the community. This is the simple and noble and humane theory of our institutions, and this would doubtless be the expectation and emotion with which the celebrated traveller from the planet Mercury would await and contemplate the opening of the annual session of Congress. It is not, however, the general expectation and emotion of this portion of our own planet. The meeting of Congress is regarded as the opening of Pandora's box, the beginning of mischief and confusion. The great industrial and trading interests are under grave apprehension, and every lover of liberty and free institutions anxiously wonders what new and grotesque responsibilities and reproaches are to be laid upon the republican name.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the great general objects of the public welfare are attained, the country passes peacefully through the most menacing perils, and this is undoubtedly the land in which the greatest good of the greatest number is achieved. Such results are largely due, indeed, to favorable circumstances beyond our control, such as an unlimited area for the population, and the political traditions and habits of the chief stock of the people. But, however explained, the fact remains, and the general result is one of which we are naturally proud, and which gives great confidence to other nations. The reasons of the wide-spread distrust with which the meeting of Congress is regarded are not obscure. The satisfaction of which we speak is the result of contemplating the national action upon the whole, from period to period, not in detail and from year to year. Thus it was very long before the country awoke to the danger of slavery. But at last it did awake, and abolished the evil. The reasons of the long delay are very much those that make the general results of any particular session of Congress so uncertain. They are found in the want of knowledge, of experience, of independence, and of ability among so many legislators, and the causes of these are in the nature of party, and especially of our political methods. Look, for instance, at the members of Congress for the city of New York. There are some able, honorable, and intelligent gentlemen among them. But if the normal working of republican institutions resulted in sending such representatives of a great constituency as many of them are, there are many very intelligent men who would believe that liberty and justice were safer in the hands of representatives named by a single intelligent man, as in some of the old English boroughs.

Such representatives, however, are merely symptoms of the abuses of the political system. Some of the members for New York are wholly unknown to their fellow-citizens, are totally without experience of the public service, and have no single qualification of the kind contemplated by the principles of the government. They are nominated for their own purposes by a few men who control the party, and the great mass of respectable citizens vote for them because they have a party label. The popular principle, so far as such members are concerned, is a total failure, because it does not secure a fitting representation of the intelligence and virtue of the community, which the republican principle assumes to be the majority. All that can be said is that such intelligence and virtue are willing to acquiesce. But in a real crisis they would not be willing, unless party spirit were stronger than patriotism, and in that case the American republic would fall into the same pit in which other republics have been ingulfed. This easy acquiescence, however, is one of the serious dangers. The easy-going public may at last be aroused, but only when the contest must be desperate, as our history has shown. An ever-pressing duty of the wise citizen, as of the wise householder, is to keep his property in repair. He must stop the beginning of the leak, and renew the slate or shingle upon his roof, and paint betimes. Then his house is always sound and serviceable. The wise citizen must do likewise. If he would have fit representatives to make judicious laws, he must stop the beginnings of mischievous abuses. It is in vain to mourn over a dull or a venal Congress—should such ever be—if the process of making a Congress has been neglected. If the voters applaud political methods which give to a few men virtually supreme power, they must not complain if such men use it for their own purposes. Our "experiment" is safe so far as this is not the rule, and no farther.

ONION-SKIN BALLOTS.

The calm and temperate tone in which the President discusses in his Message the election frauds in some of the Southern districts shows the spirit in which the matter should be treated. The offenses were confined to certain points, and the President's remarks are such as might be made and should be made by a Chief Magistrate of any party, and by every good citizen. The frauds that have been committed in the districts concerned are not essentially different from those with which we were familiar in New York under Tweed. Their purpose is not the same, but fraud to secure plunder or to obtain power is the same thing. The outrageous tampering with the voting districts is only a form of gerrymander, and the bold stuffing of the boxes is an ancient crime. Indeed, the local limitation of the offense and its character show how far we have advanced from the first form of the Ku-Klux, and justify the conclusion of the President, which is that of other intelligent observers, that the condition of the Southern States is gradually improving. The frauds are like the gallows which the shipwrecked sailor saw upon a strange coast, and which caused him to thank God that he was at least in a Christian country.

It is evident, and it is a most fortunate fact, that the Republican press in this part of the country generally agrees with the President that the remedies for the Southern trouble are civil and judicial. And it is among the real achievements of the Administration that its course has given opportunity to the country for a more reasonable view of the whole Southern question. The key-note of wise statesmanship now is that "the South" must be allowed to work out her own salvation. That of course does not mean that any wrong for which there is a national remedy shall not be pursued vigorously and punished promptly, but that it shall be seen and conceded that no coercive national legislation and no army or navy can possibly make South Carolina what Massachusetts is, or give to Mississippi the intelligent order of Minnesota. This is the view urged very strongly by "An Old Abolitionist" in the Boston *Advertiser*, and it is the opinion of a great many old abolitionists, one of whom, Mr. T. W. Higginson, has plainly and cogently stated it. The social and political situation in the Southern States is due chiefly to slavery. "A community in which one half of the people own the other half must necessarily be found on a very low moral plane," and when the slaves are forcibly emancipated by a civil war, and made equal citizens with the master class amid the universal material ruin and the morbid passions of total defeat, a condition might be anticipated compared with which that of the Southern States is a miracle of order and peace. The improvement within the last ten years, despite much mistaken policy, is very remarkable, and the more so because, as "An Old Abolitionist" truly says, "so far down in the political scale are some half dozen Southern States that if the whole thirty-eight were like them, this Union could not hold together, nor could they, when separated, govern themselves in accordance with any known principles of free government. They would inevitably fall a prey to faction, and the strongest faction would rule despotically."

Such communities can not be lifted into peace and order and intelligence by the power of the national government, and any man or any party that wishes really to help them will begin with a conciliatory temper, however conciliation may be derided, and will seek and develop the really intelligent and patriotic tendency among them. The North can help the South by moral influence and appeal, but it can not help it by a bitter and jealous and contemptuous sectional hatred. Reasonable citizens every where, in the South as well as in the North, can see that just as opinion in the North practically united during the war, and against the Territorial aggressions of slavery, so it would unite against a political dominance obtained and maintained by the whip of the Ku-Klux, the shot-gun of the Regulator, the interference of the Red Shirt, or the fraud of the tissue ballot. The feeling produced among the most conservative of citizens in this part of the country by the late audacious frauds in South Carolina is not at all akin to a bloody shirt revival. It is like that which was aroused by the Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana, and by the border ruffians in Kansas. The political prospect has recently and suddenly changed, because the cipher dispatches, the tampering with the public faith, and the election frauds have shown that while under the Hayes Administration the Republican party has recovered something of its old tone, and is more and more the party of honesty and justice, the Democratic party is the sheltering name of every public danger of the hour. There is a host of independent Northern men who will gladly aid well-disposed Southerners to improve the prospects of their States. But such Southerners will see that the condition of sympathy and aid is evidence that there is in those States a sincere desire for honesty and a respect for law.

LEADERSHIP.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* has been sharply assailed by some of the Republican papers in the State which are more especially devoted to the interests of Mr. Conkling, because it could not see that the result of the late election in New York was due to "the masterly leadership of Senator Conkling." The *Democrat* holds that the result was mainly due to the Republican press, which led the way and compelled the declaration of the Saratoga Convention in favor of honest money, and it thinks that Mr. Conkling not only did not sound the key-note, but "only came in at the end of the chorus." Of course the *Democrat* is perfectly correct, as every observer knows. But the matter would not be worth attention except for the attempt to represent the result as mainly due to Mr. Conkling—an attempt of which the real object is to prove to the country that, while the vote of New York is indispensable to the Republicans in 1880, the Republican who can carry New York most easily is Mr. Conkling.

Nothing, however, is more evident than that the recent result was due neither to Mr. Conkling's popularity nor leadership. It was due to a strong public opinion, which Mr. Conkling had done nothing whatever to mould or lead, and all that he did was in virtue of his official position as Senator to throw himself upon a resistless wave and to come riding in upon its crest. He had, moreover, and has long had, the party organization under his immediate control through most obedient agents, and the power of that "machine" we have often described. It was more compact than ever during the summer, because it felt the necessity of a struggle for life, which it thought to be threatened by the Custom-house changes. The Administration, however, did not proceed in the good work of purging the service of notorious personal agents of politicians, and "the machine" was never in more perfect order. But, despite that, it was forced to yield to the sentiment which Mr. Conkling not only had not fostered, but which the journal which is his most zealous advocate had opposed. If this be masterly leadership, it is unquestionably the merit of Mr. Conkling.

He knew the conditions of harmony of the State Convention, and he wisely observed them. But a leader goes before: he does not quietly follow. Mr. Conkling knew that if he himself insulted the Administration or permitted any insult in the platform, or if the platform did not go beyond the word "coin" and expressly declare for gold or for its equivalent, the standard of the commercial world, there would be a division in the Convention. It was only at the last moment in the committee on resolutions that the saving clause was inserted and harmony secured. Undoubtedly Mr. Conkling's friends were immensely in the majority in the Convention, and they could have passed a resolution making him the party candidate for the Senate. But they wisely forbore, and they adopted a platform which satisfied the minority. This was an act of unaccustomed self-restraint upon the part of Senator Conkling, and it is the sole leadership that he has shown. To lead "a machine," and to be the idol of a Convention largely ground out by it, even Mr. Conkling would hardly think to be great glory. He and he only is a Republican leader who represents the best Republican intelligence and conscience and patriotism in the country, and who shows his party the way, not he who is swept by a current, and who speaks when the public mind is decided. Seward, Sumner, and Chase were Republican leaders, who spoke *because* the Senate was opposed to their views. They did not sit silent because they were a minority, but they spoke and did their glorious share to make the minority a majority. If the test of political leadership be to secure a probable reelection, Mr. Conkling has certainly shown himself to be a leader. But there is a leadership which arouses a dormant public conscience, which educates public opinion, which exposes the first sophisms of plausible and perilous error, which stimulates every good political purpose, inspires a generous and lofty public virtue, and scorns either to flatter power or to rise by intrigue.

A GENERAL INQUEST.

The Democrats in the Senate propose to amend Mr. Blaine's resolution of inquiry into the electoral frauds in some parts of the Southern States, as the Republicans tried to amend the resolution appointing the Potter inquiry, by enlarging the area of the investigation. We trust that the Republican Senators will not object to the amendment. General Butler asserts that his supporters were bulldozed in Massachusetts, and Mr. Fernando Wood and other high Democratic authorities allege that legally qualified voters in New York were thrown into jail by Commissioner Davenport for attempting to exercise their rights. A wrong in South Carolina is not less a wrong in Massachusetts and New York. Let all the facts be ascertained. Any Republican who opposes a general inquiry should be able to give sound reasons for his opposition.

LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

It is alleged that the present excise law in New York neither restrains the sale of liquor for drinking nor gives the community any advantage from the sale of licenses. If such be the fact, it is very plain that the liquor interest will not seek further legislation. If the dram-shops are virtually untouched by the existing law, certainly they will not try to change it. But this is not a situation which can satisfy good citizens. No law upon any important subject can be habitually disregarded and violated with impunity without injuring the authority of all law. If the situation be such as is described, there will inevitably be some movement for liquor legislation at Albany. What should it be? This is a very important question, and it is one which will undoubtedly continue to confront Legislatures so long as drunkenness continues to be the great source of crime and of consequent high taxation. It is a question which especially demands good sense and cool consideration. Its point is to ascertain how, under existing circumstances, the law can most effectually restrain drunkenness.

Absolute prohibition we suppose to be practically out of the question. In illustration of this, the president of the Wine and Spirit Traders' Society quotes from the report of the Boston License Commissioners, showing that in three districts of that city in 1876–77, under "prohibitory" regulations, there were 155 places where liquors were licensed to be sold, but there were 487 places where they were sold without license. But in 1877–78, in the same districts, under the license law, there were 456 places that paid the city for the privilege, and there were only 475 places selling, and but 19 without license. The total decrease in the number of liquor shops, under a license law, was 167. If prohibition be not the end sought, it will be conceded that there are to be licenses for the sale of liquor to be drunk on the spot; and if prohibition be abandoned as the end, it must also be granted that the law shall honestly seek through regulation, not prohibition, but sale in such a way as to do the least harm. The first step in such a course would be to invest the sale with some responsibility, and this can be done only by cutting off unlicensed selling; and is there any better way to this result than to make it the interest of the licensed sellers that the law be observed?

It is in some such way, and with the Civil Damage Act, that the more orderly regulation of the traffic is to be sought. In any reasonable law the differing circumstances of various communities will also be considered. The operation of the Local Option Act shows this difference. There are towns in New England where the voters by an immense majority forbid the sale; there are others where it is as positively permitted. Wise legislators observe and explore such facts, and act accordingly. Of course to those who regard the sale of liquor for drinking as a crime the proposition to license the sale is as repulsive as a proposition to sell indulgences for any other sin. But for the Legislature, which is immediately to act upon the subject, the question is, How shall the sale be most wisely regulated?—in other words, What forward steps can now be taken?

A NEW LIBRARY MACAULAY.

A beautiful and new library edition of Macaulay's *History of England*, in five volumes, will be issued immediately by Harper & Brothers, and it will be soon followed by uniform editions of Hume and Gibbon. These are all classics, all among the great English histories, and in their new form are exceedingly attractive. It may occur to many who are meditating the purchase of a Christmas gift that a work so singularly fascinating as Macaulay's history would make a Christmas all the year round for many a happy recipient, while those readers who regret that the English editions of the great histories are beyond their reach will find their regrets removed by this satisfactory American edition. It will be the best form of Macaulay's history, and by far the most reasonable, the price being but ten dollars; and the *Life and Letters of Macaulay*, with the *Selections*, will be at once issued in a uniform style.

PERSONAL.

Professor Moses Coit Tyler, who has just given to the public two volumes of a *History of American Literature*, to be followed by others, was formerly a Congregational minister, but is now a layman in the Episcopal Church. He is now about forty-five years of age, and his study, built with reference to his work, near his residence at Ann Arbor, Michigan, is said to be one of the most elegant literary workshops in the country.

—Baron Gustave de Rothschild has presented the Jewish Consistory in Paris with a piece of land measuring nearly fifteen hundred meters for the construction of a Jewish school, and the deed provides that the establishment is to bear forever the name of "L'École Gustave de Rothschild."

—The London *Echo* states that Queen Victoria helps the authors whose works she admires by recommending them to magazine editors. The person whom she last assisted in this way is Mr. Charles Gibbon, author of *Robin Gray*, *For Lack of Gold*, etc., who is not only an excellent writer, but highly esteemed in private for his amiable, unassuming manners.

—Mr. Vivian, member of the British Parliament, has just published an interesting account of his recent travels in the United States. A caustic and unsparing critic on many of our national peculiarities and institutions, he seems to be a great admirer of the loveliness and grandeur of our rivers, lakes, and mountains. He considers the Hudson a more beautiful river than the Rhine, and his appreciative tributes to the attractions of our natural scenery should put to shame the thousands of American sight-seers who rush off to Switzerland, the Tyrol, the Scottish lakes, and other European resorts, without ever having visited the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, or the wonderful scenery of the Pacific coast. These regions are all within easy reach; and such works as Mr. Charles Nordhoff's books on California, and Mr. Samuel Kneeland's attractive volume on the Yosemite Valley, to the latter of which we were indebted for many details embodied in a recent article on that marvellous land of enchantment, leave no excuse for ignorance of the ways and means of reaching a region unsurpassed in the world for magnificence and beauty.

—The late Mr. George H. Lewes, the husband of "George Eliot," was small in stature, and of not very commanding presence. He was always a close student. Most of his life was passed in London or other large capitals. "In his own set," wrote a newspaper correspondent some time ago, "he abounds in geniality and *bonhomie*. He does not remind you of an Englishman; he has none of the hesitation or drawl so typical of his nation, but talks with marked ease and fluency and radiance. He is fond of epigram and paradox, and being a close observer, his narration of men and things is extremely entertaining. He has the reputation of being one of the most brilliant conversationalists in London, though, like most clever talkers, he is prone to monopoly and monologue." As an author he was slow and painstaking, and the longer he lived, the more careful and conscientious did he become in this respect. He did not believe that thoughtful and growing men acquire facility with years, and said that when he was forty he would do four or five pages in the time now required for one.

—De Fourtou, who challenged and had his shot at Gambetta, without hitting, was one of President M'Mahon's ministers who were supplanted by the Republicans, and has just been ejected from his seat in the Chamber of Deputies on the proof that he was never chosen. He is a violent, quarrelsome, dictatorial, and boastful Bonapartist.

—Mr. Editor B. Gratz Brown, of St. Louis, has fallen heir to an English estate worth $45,000.

—Among the curious changes brought about by time is the election of Mr. De Vivo to the Italian Parliament, and the high personal consideration that is said to be entertained for him by King Humbert. Mr. De Vivo is well and pleasantly remembered in many cities of this country by his connection with opera companies. Colonel Forney describes him as a large man, and the singularity of his attire and the possessions he carried about with him made him a notable personage wherever he appeared. He affected trousers of large checkered pattern, vests of flaming colors, short velvet coats, the smallest of rimless hats, and his neck was always buried in the folds of long heavy scarfs. He carried extraordinary canes with curiously carved handles; his meerschaum pipes and cigar-holders were numerous, odd, and finely cut; while his rings, shirt studs, and scarf pins were the admiration of connoisseurs. He talked not only broken English, but broken English which had caught something of the cockney peculiarities. He announced his presence in editorial rooms with "Gentlemens, I am the midnight howl; will you smoke?" He was a great smoker, and generous with his cigars; but there was a suspicion, still unallayed, that De Vivo had two brands, and never by any mistake gave away the kind he used himself. Nobody expected to hear of De Vivo as a politician, much less a statesman; but he had ability, which is best proved by the fact that he was successful in all he undertook.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The third session of the Forty-fifth Congress was begun on the 2d inst. The President's Message was read in both Houses, and referred. The paper opens with a reference to the yellow fever epidemic, and recommends that Congress give to the subject of future prevention its early and careful consideration. Touching the election outrages in the South, the President urges an investigation, and calls for an appropriation of funds for the prosecution of the perpetrators of crimes against the ballot. Reviewing the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the President recommends that no radical changes be made in the existing financial laws. While favoring the organization of a corps of mounted "Indian auxiliaries," to be under the control of the army, and to be used for the purpose of keeping the Indians on their reservations and preventing or repressing disturbances, the Executive believes that something besides mere force should be employed. "Greater reliance must be placed on humane and civilizing agencies for the ultimate solution of what is called the Indian problem." In the Senate, Mr. Blaine offered resolutions for the investigation of the Southern election frauds, and in the House Mr. Wood attacked that part of the Message.—On the 3d, the New York Custom-house nominations were sent to the Senate, and referred to the Committee on Commerce. The Senate re-appointed the standing committees of the last session. The House passed the West Point Military Academy Appropriation Bill, amounting to $316,647, and the Fortification Appropriation Bill, amounting to $275,000.—Lewis Wallace was nominated for Governor of New Mexico on the 4th.—On the 5th, the Senate appointed a committee to act with one from the House in the investigation of the yellow fever epidemic. The House adopted a concurrent resolution to appoint a joint committee for the same purpose.

The Secretary of the Treasury in his annual report gives the ordinary receipts from all sources for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, as $257,763,878 70, and the ordinary expenditures, $236,964,326 80. The receipts as compared with those of the previous year show a net decrease of $11,236,707 92, and the expenditures a net decrease of $1,695,682 13. The Secretary is confident that the government can resume and maintain specie payments from and after January 1, 1879.

The annual report of the Secretary of War shows that the army numbers 24,761 men in all. A repeal or modification of the *posse comitatus* law is urged.

The steamer *Cotton Valley*, of the Red River Transportation Company's line, was run into and sunk on the Mississippi River, opposite Donaldsonville, on the 1st inst. Twenty lives were lost.

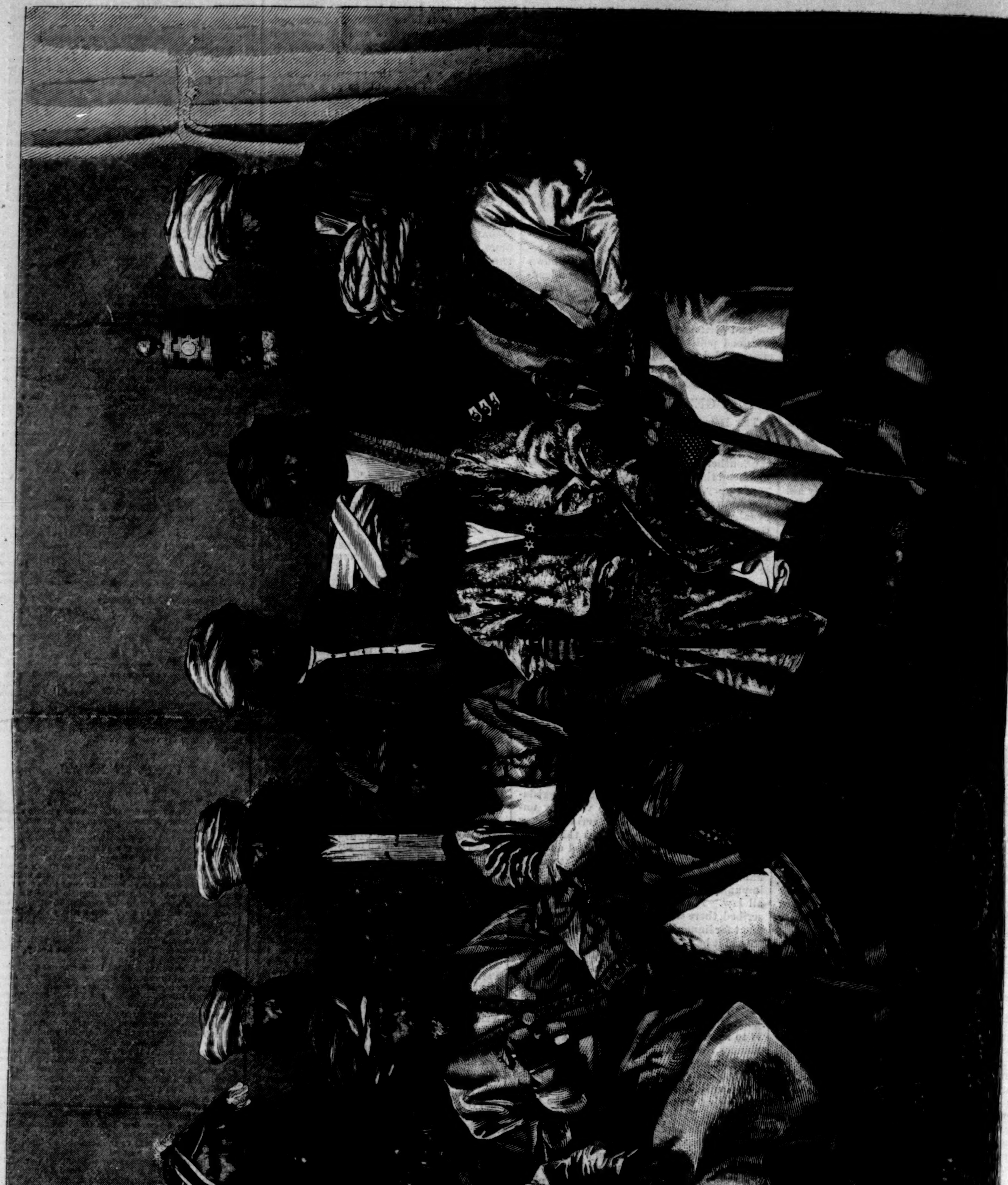
FOREIGN NEWS.

Intelligence has been received from Cabool that the Ameer has demanded a special credit to defray the expense of the honors done the Russian embassy, and has held a durbar, or assemblage of chiefs, at which he explained the cordial reception of the embassy on the ground of gratitude for Russia's hospitality to Afghan troops. A declaration was read on the occasion showing forth the power and fame of Russia, and the chiefs present at the durbar applauded it. The Ameer closed the proceedings by telling the chiefs to return to their posts and sharpen their swords to meet the enemy of their country.—St. Petersburg journals state that all reports of a speech made by General Kaufmann on presenting a sword to the Ameer's envoy are fabrications, and they are officially denied.—General Roberts, on the 2d inst., gained a complete victory over the Ameer's forces, capturing Peiwar-Khotal and all the Afghan cannon. The enemy's loss was heavy. The British lost eighty killed and wounded.

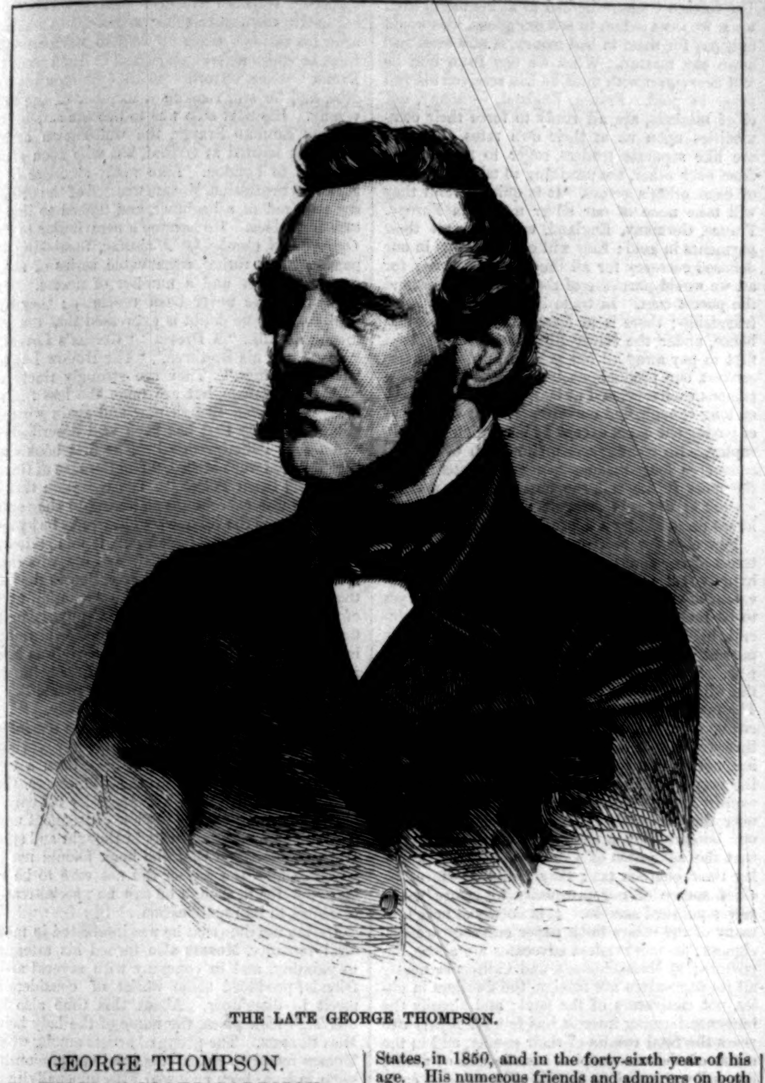
The Russians have notified the foreign consuls that they are about to evacuate Kustendje. The Porte has announced its readiness to discuss a definitive treaty of peace with Russia.—Austria and Turkey have agreed that the Austrian troops shall not occupy Novi-Bazar this winter, but may do so when necessity arises. The Turkish troops at present there are to remain. The Sultan's sovereignty and the Turkish administration will be recognized.—The Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians have defeated the Bulgarian insurgents in the Melnik district of Macedonia, and burned twenty more villages. Only a thousand inhabitants escaped. The British consul at Sophia confirms the reports that the Turkish militia massacred 350 Bulgarians of Cheresnitza, and that the Circassians burned twelve Bulgarian villages in the district of Bressna. Insurgent Bulgarian bands are forming all through Macedonia, and Rhodope refugees are descending into the Portlagos district and murdering and robbing indiscriminately. Turkish troops have been sent to the scene.—Suleiman Pasha has been degraded and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in a fortress for misconduct during the war.—The Turkish ministry has been dismissed, and the following new appointments made: Grand Vizier, Kheireddin Pasha; Shiek-ul-Islam, Ahmet Assad Effendi; Minister of War, Ghazi Osman; Foreign Affairs, Karatheodori Pasha; Interior, Kadri Pasha; Justice, Said Pasha; Commerce, Djevdet Pasha; Public Works, Sawas Pasha. Photiades, who has been raised to the rank of pasha, will succeed Karatheodori Pasha as Governor of Crete. Reouf Pasha has been dismissed from the post of Grand Master of Artillery. Said Pasha will act also as Minister of the Interior and Sawas Pasha as Minister of Foreign Affairs until Kadri Pasha and Karatheodori Pasha arrive from Bagdad and Crete. The imperial decree announcing the appointments recommends the new ministers to strive to carry out the projected reforms to repair the evils of the late war. The decree also announced that the projected reforms will be shortly promulgated.

The British Parliament met on the 5th. The Queen's speech touching the Afghan war was warmly debated.

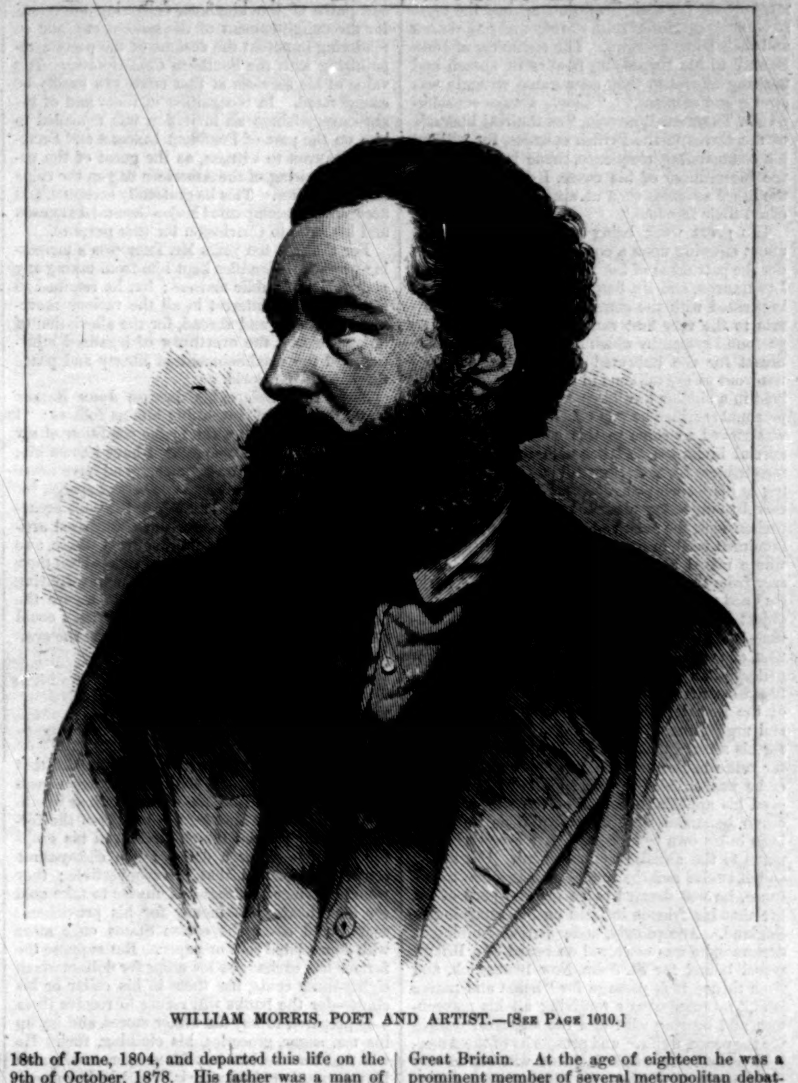
Count Andrassy, in his speech before the Budget Committee, on the 1st inst., explained that the continuance of anarchy in Bosnia and Herzegovina would have entailed the interference of Servia and Montenegro, and the ultimate loss of Dalmatia to Austria. The Berlin Congress, by intrusting the occupation of the provinces to Austria, had proclaimed that a powerful Austria was a European necessity.—The Budget Committee, on the 2d, refused to discuss a bill sanctioning the insertion of the occupation grant in the budget of 1879, and adopted a resolution in favor of a grant of 15,000,000 florins, upon condition that any further outlay must have constitutional sanction. The committee also adopted, by a vote of 12 to 6, the statement of their reporter upon the Foreign Office estimates, notwithstanding that Count Andrassy declared it would be a formal declaration of want of confidence.



A GROUP OF AFGHAN CHIEFS.—From a Photograph.—[See Double Page.]



THE LATE GEORGE THOMPSON.



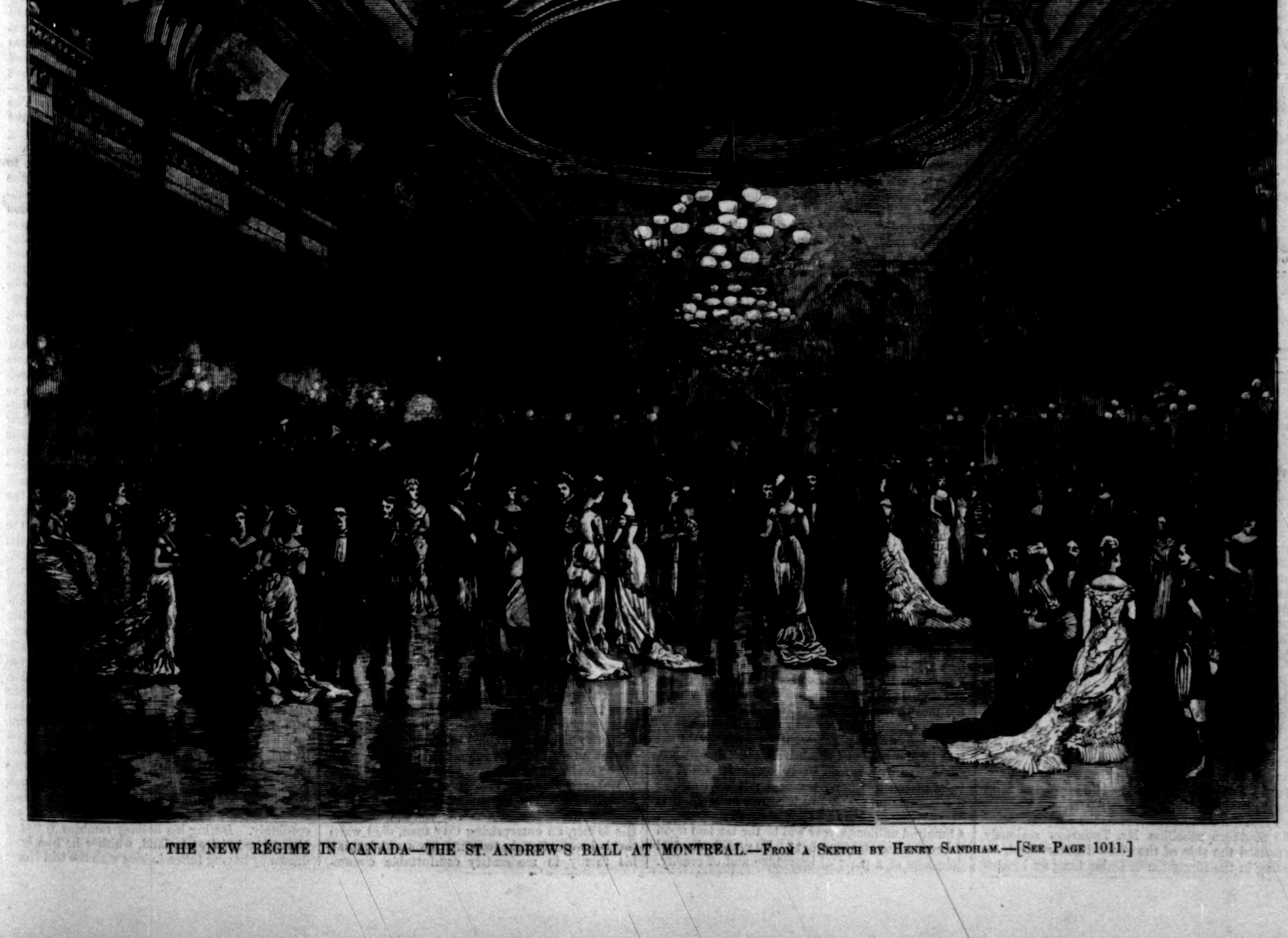
WILLIAM MORRIS, POET AND ARTIST.—[See Page 1010.]

GEORGE THOMPSON.

By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The portrait of the late George Thompson, Esq., of England, to be found in the present number of the *Weekly*, is copied from an admirable daguerreotype taken on his second visit to the United States, in 1850, and in the forty-sixth year of his age. His numerous friends and admirers on both sides of the Atlantic can not fail to be gratified on having him thus brought to their recollection, as the original was deemed a striking "counterfeit presentment" of his features at that time.

Mr. Thompson was born in Liverpool on the 18th of June, 1804, and departed this life on the 9th of October, 1878. His father was a man of cultured mind and literary attainments, and his mother a woman of good understanding. In very early life he began to evince that aptitude for public speaking which ultimately made him conspicuous among the most eloquent orators in Great Britain. At the age of eighteen he was a prominent member of several metropolitan debating societies in London. In 1831 he entered into the service of the London Antislavery Society, and succeeded by his eloquent advocacy of the cause of the West India bondmen in electrifying the kingdom and hastening the passage of a Parlia-



THE NEW RÉGIME IN CANADA—THE ST. ANDREW'S BALL AT MONTREAL.—From a Sketch by Henry Sandham.—[See Page 1011.]

mentary act for their liberation, against the most strenuous opposition from the colonial proprietors and their home abettors. The testimony of John Bright to his surpassing powers of speech and untiring efforts in that memorable struggle was strong and emphatic. "I have always considered Mr. Thompson," he said, "as the real liberator of the slaves in the British colonies, for without his commanding eloquence, made irresistible by the blessedness of his cause, I do not think all the other agencies then at work would have procured their freedom."

His great work being accomplished, he was about entering upon a course of legal studies under the patronage of Lord Brougham, Sir Stephen Lushington, and Mr. Sergeant Stephen, who were impressed with the conviction that he would attain to the very first rank at the bar. But the profound sympathy which had been excited in his breast for the imbruted slaves in the colonies went out to the millions in this country who were held in a similar thralldom, and, great as was the personal sacrifice he was called upon to make, he was moved to come to this country in 1834, by special invitation, to labor with the same disinterestedness for their peaceful emancipation, casting in his lot with the despised abolitionists, and thereby subjecting himself to the wildest misapprehensions, the most violent opposition, and very imminent peril, in consequence of the outcry every where raised against him that he was an emissary from the British government, with his pockets lined with British gold, having for his ulterior object the overthrow of our republican institutions! The memorable mob in Boston on the 21st of October, 1835, was caused by an inflammatory placard distributed through the city falsely stating that he was to be present at a meeting of the Female Antislavery Society on that day, and urging the "friends of the Union" to rally for his seizure, that he might "be brought to the tar kettle before dark." Whenever and wherever he was enabled to make himself heard, however, his appeals in behalf of the suffering and dumb bondman were as potential as they had been in his own country, and gave a powerful impetus to the antislavery movement. But at the end of twelve months' unflinching devotion to the cause, he was deemed to be in such peril of his life that his friends insisted on his returning to England. Accordingly, under cover of midnight darkness, he was conveyed on board of a British vessel bound for St. John, New Brunswick, and from thence took passage for "home and native land," magnanimously forgiving all his persecutors, and bearing with him the strongest desires for the peace, welfare, and prosperity of the American people. A single incident will sufficiently illustrate the amiable spirit which always animated him. "If we had you at the South," said an irate slave-holder to him, on one occasion, "we would cut off your ears." "In that case," responded Mr. Thompson, smilingly, "I should raise my voice and cry, 'He that *hath* ears to hear, let him hear.'"

Soon after his return home, the seven years' apprenticeship which was conditionally affixed to the British Emancipation Act, and which kept those subjected to it in a condition little better than that of their former servitude, led Mr. Thompson to attempt its abolition, notwithstanding the passive acquiescence of all parties in its continuance, even Lord Brougham deeming such a movement to be futile, although himself opposed to the apprenticeship system. But the indomitable "agitator" believed that an earnest appeal to the philanthropic and Christian sentiment of his countrymen would not be in vain, and once more his eloquent voice was heard in all parts of the kingdom, the result being the speedy termination of that incongruous and oppressive compromise. For this achievement Lord Brougham publicly tendered him his thanks in the House of Lords, in a speech delivered on the 16th of July, 1838.

Mr. Thompson next directed his attention to the state of British India, and to the advocacy of the rights of the natives. In 1841 he entered the Court of Proprietors of East India Stock, and warmly espoused the cause of the aspersed Rajah of Sattarah, and opposed the Afghan war.

Toward the end of 1841 he joined the crusade against the Corn Laws, and was a most efficient co-worker with Cobden and Bright, and a member of the Anti-Corn Law League.

In 1846 he was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh.

In 1847 he was returned to Parliament as member for the Tower Hamlets by an overwhelming majority; but he rarely addressed the House, wisely discriminating between what was suitable to a representative body and what to a popular gathering.

In 1850 Mr. Thompson again visited this country, while yet a member of Parliament, and, with a few exceptions, was well received wherever he travelled, addressing public assemblies to great acceptance on British India and other subjects. Afterward he made two voyages to India in the interest of the natives, and was the chosen representative of the late King of Delhi, at whose court he was received with special honors. But he never fully recovered from an attack of fever at Calcutta, terminating in a general paralysis of his system for some time after his return to England.

His third and last visit to this country was in 1864, when a brilliant ovation was extended to him in Boston, the capacious Music Hall being densely packed by an enthusiastic audience, Governor John A. Andrew presiding on the occasion, and in an eloquent speech rehearsing the varied labors of Mr. Thompson in the service of freedom, humanity, and reform, and extending to him the warmest welcome in behalf of "the patriotic and loyal people of Massachusetts."

From the commencement to the suppression of the Southern rebellion Mr. Thompson zealously espoused the side of the Federal government, by aiding in the formation of Union Leagues in various parts of the kingdom, delivering addresses for the enlightenment of the masses, etc., and so rendering impotent the designs of the party sympathizing with the Southern Confederates. The value of his services at that crisis can hardly be exaggerated. In recognition of them and of his antislavery labors an invitation was extended to him on the part of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton to witness, as the guest of the nation, the raising of the American flag on the ruins of Fort Sumter. This he gratefully accepted, and accordingly accompanied Major-General Anderson and his suite to Charleston for that purpose.

For the last ten years Mr. Thompson's increasing physical infirmities kept him from taking any active part in public matters; but he retained to the last a vital interest in all the various movements, at home and abroad, for the alleviation of human misery, the overthrow of legalized injustice, and the establishment of liberty and peace throughout the world.

Some time before his decease John Bright wrote to a friend concerning him as follows: "I am grieved to hear of the feeble condition of my old friend George Thompson. I have known him from the beginning of his career, and have never known him employ his great powers of speech for an unworthy object. The negro, the once bread-taxed Englishman, the once unenfranchised artisan, the oppressed and suffering every where, owe much to him. His eloquent tongue has been their advocate; and so far as right has triumphed during the past forty years, he has aided to secure the triumph. I honor him greatly, and wish I could pay him a visit to tell him how strong is the sympathy I feel for him."

Palmam qui meruit ferat.

THE TAX ON THE FARMER.

It is against the farmer, the agriculturist, that the advocates of a debased currency seem most enraged; they would force upon him their worthless coin, and tax him for the benefit of the foreigner. They insist that he shall sell his crops for bad money, for a dollar worth eighty-three cents, a paper bill that is inconvertible; they would convince him that it is unwise to take gold for his wheat, good money for his provisions; they would cover the cotton States once more with depreciated coin or paper. But suppose the farmer has exchanged his crops for dollars worth eighty-three cents, has them in his cellar or his chest—for the banks will refuse to receive them—is prepared to buy his winter stores, and lay up his tea, sugar, groceries, his clothing, fuel. He will find that he has lost fifteen per cent. on all his returns, that his income is diminished by nearly one-sixth, that however productive his farm, he is nearly bankrupt, and must continue to lose all his profit from the effect of the unjust law. A thousand of his silver dollars will purchase only eight hundred and fifty dollars' worth of tea, sugar, silks, cloth, iron-ware, or any of the necessaries of life that come from abroad. The foreign trader will require payment in gold, our farmer must change his cart-load of silver coins into some honest currency before he can buy a pound of tea from the Chinese, or a cigar from Havana. He must give good weight in money, and no government stamp will be of any use to make the inferior silver current; it will buy only what it is worth.

No more effectual injury could be inflicted upon the immense agricultural interest of the country, its chief source of prosperity, than must flow from the gradual increase of the silver currency year by year, the expulsion of gold, the reduction of the standard of value, the creation of a fluctuating coin. It is not impossible to estimate it. On an agricultural exportation of four or five hundred millions we should lose fifteen or twenty per cent., or from sixty to eighty millions of dollars, which but for the Silver Bill would all go into the hands of the farmers, help to pay their debts, improve their farms, cover with prosperity the inexhaustible fields of the West. This is the sum which the advocates of debased silver propose to present to England and France. They are resolved that not a bale of cotton nor a bushel of wheat shall go out of the country without paying this monstrous tax—not to their own government, not for the benefit of American industry nor to relieve its burdens, but to add to them, save the outlay of the European trader, and destroy the profits of the American. The Silver Bill will impose an indirect tax on all the exports of the country; it will discourage the exportation of all its products. The cattle of Texas and the corn of California will receive a similar blow; for what cattle-driver will care to follow a trade in which his foreign purchaser has all the profits secured to him by law? what farmer cultivate land that is already loaded with an onerous debt to his customer? A debased currency has always the effect of an indirect tax on the producer. He may raise his price to escape it, but the only result of this is that all other prices rise together; a period of inflation is produced, of artificial values, debt, final ruin. It cost at last a thousand francs to buy a dinner with the French assignats; in debased silver the depreciation would not have been so great.

But still more fatal is the tax laid on imports by an inferior coinage. It exceeds that of any known tariff; it benefits only the European purchaser. It is a tax that one would suppose only the most extravagant folly could devise, that every wise man would oppose with all his energy. Here, too, we may estimate the country's final loss by the effect of the Silver Bill. It will create a rise in price on every article imported of from fifteen to twenty per cent.; if we consider the imports as worth five hundred millions, it is easy to compute our immense loss. Sixty, perhaps a hundred millions a year will be the tax laid upon the consumer, and for what? To gratify the mad delusions of a party of ignorance and of cruelty. The foreign trader, who had us at his mercy even when we went to him to sell our goods, who would only pay for them in bad money, is now even still more our master. What we buy from him he will never part with until he has received his full price in gold. France, England, Germany, our chief markets, are all ready to force their commodities upon us at their own rates. Nations are like separate traders, eager to make profit from each other, not unwilling to take advantage of each other's errors. It is quite certain they will take none of our silver money in Europe. France, Germany, England, will have all their payments in gold; they will gladly pay us in our debased currency for all they want from us; for all we would purchase of them they will demand the purest coin. In trade it is said there is no friendship; there is at least common-sense, and hence, under the Silver Bill, we shall be forced first to pay away all our gold to Europe, next to convert our productions into a gold value at a ruinous exchange, and at last, if the process goes on long enough, find ourselves without any means of paying our debts except by borrowing or bankruptcy. No country can maintain so unequal a commerce long without general disaster; even the most fertile soil, the finest harvest, may be wasted in the vain struggle against the endless losses produced by a depreciated currency.

Few consider how greatly the agricultural interest of our country exceeds all others. Ours is happily still a nation of farmers. The immense extent of our cultivated land, the vast wastes yet to be reclaimed, the fertility of the soil, the general industry of the farming class, make this pursuit the overruling source of all our progress. When the farmer is injured by bad laws, the whole industry of the nation feels a shock. The farmer builds up manufactures, enriches the cities, gives value to the wilderness. Nearly three-fourths of our people are engaged in farming, nor does it seem likely that for many years the proportion can change. We are destined to supply Europe with food, or, at least, to invite over the ocean an immigration that will fill all our borders with activity. It is on the farmer that the advocates of a debased currency would lay their onerous tax; they would sacrifice the chief source of our prosperity to insure themselves political success. It is worthy of note how many of the voters for a paper currency are foreigners; its most violent advocates are aliens, impostors; in Massachusetts and California nearly all its supporters are foreign; the dwellers in cities, not cultivators of the land; and already the immense farming interest has felt for nearly two years the fatal results of their enmity, and in the midst of the unexampled beneficence of nature has suffered a serious check. The sales of corn, wheat, all contracts, all plans of improvement, all mercantile progress, many new railways, the general advance of the country, were stopped or impeded more than a year ago by the sudden spread of financial delusions, the danger of a debased currency. That danger has not passed away, and the producing classes may well attribute an endless series of losses to the activity of the friends of the debased coin. The farming interest is bound up in the welfare of the whole country. When the national credit is shaken, the power of borrowing thrown in doubt, the presence of foreign capital repelled, the first to suffer is the farmer. On him fall the chief national burdens, because farmers almost constitute the nation.

But if the chief industry of the community must suffer thus severely from the use of inferior money, these periods of inflation, who will profit by them? The banks, chief objects of the severe denunciation of the inflationists, make most money in the midst of a depreciated currency; they charge a high rate of interest; their deposits are great; they accumulate funds. But prudent bankers do not care to share in these periods of extravagance; they know that they must end in disaster; they prefer the moderate but certain profits of an honest currency. Speculative, careless, indolent people, the work-people of the cities who would live with little or no work, the daring financier, the bold operator, all who are unwilling to labor to be rich, clamor for the free issue of paper or silver; they, at least, hope to save something from a public disaster. Happy could some one teach how to tax the idle rather than the industrious; but the idle pay no taxes—they consume them. All the evil, too, profit by the period of inflation; the gambler builds his palaces, the wine-shop glitters. One need only review New York or Washington in 1870 to see what flourished in the period of speculation and a debased currency.

Will the farmers—the vast majority of the nation—submit to this onerous tax? The recent elections seem to show that they have discovered their danger. Eugene Lawrence.

POET AND ARTIST.

Distinction in any single walk of life is so exceedingly difficult to attain, that a man who has actually made for himself reputation as a master of two arts becomes a most interesting study. The world is familiar with the name of William Morris, but is sorely puzzled to realize that the active member of the firm that produces so many marvels in the way of decorated art furniture, stained glass, and paper-hangings is actually the author of the beautiful poems that attract so much attention in the literary world. Such, however, is the case, and in the original of the portrait on page 1009 we have the rare spectacle of a man who has been enabled to combine great success as an artisan with remarkable achievements in the realm of letters.

William Morris was born at Walthamstow, a suburb of London, on the 24th of March, 1834. He was the eldest of a family of nine children. His father, an enterprising City man, died when the lad was scarcely fourteen years old, leaving his family in moderately comfortable circumstances. William had been sent to a school in his native town during his boyhood, but shortly after his father's death he went to Marlborough. Here he spent several years, and in 1852 went to Exeter College, Oxford. In 1856 he took his degree, and he still remains a member of the university. His next step was to become articled to George Edmund Street, the well-known architect, then located at Oxford, but who soon after removed to London. Like many students of a laborious profession, Morris wearied of the drudgery required of a beginner, and turned to literature for solace. He became a contributor to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, furnishing its pages with a rather remarkable series of short prose romances and a number of poems. The romances have never been reprinted; they are unsigned, but no doubt is expressed that the following are his: "A Dream," "Gertha's Lovers," "Svend and his Brethren," "The Hollow Land," "Golden Wings." They are strongly tinctured with mediævalism, but are none the less full of vivid force, even though now and again we recognize a quality that has been well described as "luminous indistinctness." The first book that he published was entitled, "The Defense of Guenevere, and Other Poems." The reception that it met with was exceedingly flattering to the young poet, although the volume could scarcely be looked upon as a commercial success. It was reviewed by Mr. Garnett, of the British Museum, who commended it highly, and called attention to the fact that Morris in dealing with the Arthurian cycle of romance was without a trace of Tennysonian influence, and, indeed, approached mediæval things in a totally different way. Thus early was Morris compared with Tennyson, the latter being described as writing of the Arthurian period like a modern, the former like a contemporary. "The Defense of Guenevere" has been since reprinted, rather than republished, without any revision from the author, which might have been a considerable labor, owing to the differences that arise, not so much from any necessity for correction as from the change of view consequent upon the development of maturity in thought and style. It was understood that the book should not be advertised, as the author did not care to be responsible for it, though he saw no special reason to object to its republication.

During the time that he was interested in mediæval romance, Morris also turned his attention to painting, and in company with several artist friends produced some works of considerable merit in distemper. About this time also his marriage took place, the name of the lady being Miss Burden. The group of artists among whom Morris found so much congenial companionship seem to have been endowed with unusually practical minds, for instead of wasting their time in dreams, several of them—Madox, Brown, Burne Jones, Rossetti, and Webb—entered into partnership and started a business, which was to embody their artistic principles. The business began on the old-fashioned principle of being small at first, and developing according to the strength it gained. It was founded on the slenderest means, and began on the smallest scale, its capital consisting in part of the remains of Morris's little patrimony, but mostly of brains and hands. Growing out, as he was now, of that fault which of all is most easily mended—excessive youth—Morris threw off the velvet mantle of the *dilettante*, and took the business department upon his own shoulders. At one period he was helped in this by an old Oxford chum named Faulkner. The production of painted windows was the principal work undertaken at first, Morris acting as designer as well as his friends. The outside world for a considerable time regarded the whole affair as the experiment of a few young dreamers. It was, indeed, a remarkable and unusual thing for men of genius and culture so to associate themselves. For the first few years the books very naturally showed a loss. An architect or two now and again sent in a commission at their first starting in 1861, when the business was carried on in a humble way in Red Lion Square. In 1862 a medal for stained glass was obtained at the Exhibition, and some of their show was sold. The public began gradually to get ready for the wares of these original workers, and, probably to their own astonishment, they began to get on. In 1863 the title of the firm was Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co. Ornamented furniture and stained-glass windows were at first the only productions. As the business progressed they started paper-hangings, to which for a time nobody paid any attention. Little by little, however, the new designs made their way, even without advertisement, and the public began to appreciate the object of the firm. Soon carpets were added to the list of wares. These Morris designs himself, working out to the smallest detail the pattern, weight and quality of the material, the thickness of the warp and woof, all of which must be accurately followed by the loom. Here we will leave Mr. Morris as artist and decorator, and return to him as a poet.

During the short leisure allowed him by the demands of his great and increasing business, Morris had paid more or less attention to the Muses, but it was nearly ten years from the date of "The Defense of Guenevere" before its successor appeared. The large design of *The Earthly Paradise* had been already conceived, and even one prologue written for it and thrown aside. "The Life and Death of Jason" was begun as one of the stories of *The Earthly Paradise* series, but having extended itself into a considerable poem, it was published separately in 1867. Very rapidly, and much to the author's astonishment—for classical stories are rarely popular nowadays—the book came into demand. It was felt that a new poet had come with a most welcome brightness and simplicity of song, and he was greeted accordingly. During his holiday rambles William Morris had visited Iceland, whither he had been drawn by having fallen in love with the Old Norse literature, and he made the acquaintance of one or two modern Icelandic poets. One of his visits to the volcanic isle was made in company with Eiríkr Magnússon, now under-librarian at the University Library, Cambridge. With this gentleman Morris also regularly read Icelandic, and eventually a literary partnership was established, resulting in translations in verse of a saga, and of a collection of stories. In 1869 appeared the Grettis Saga, a year later the Völsunga Saga. In 1875, 1876, and 1877 were published the story of "Sigurd," the "Fall of the Niblungs," and some Northern love stories. The story of "Sigurd" is not a translation, but Morris's last, and a most important original poem; it is pretty close to the ancient legends, but not more so than many of the stories in *The Earthly Paradise*. The volume translated along with Magnússon was the Völsunga Saga, together with the greater part of the Poetic Edda that has to do with the same story.

In spite of his tastes as an author, and the demands still made upon him by business, Mr. Morris takes a marked interest in the politics of his country. His cultivated mind is not so much revolted by the base and disagreeable in political life but that he is willing to take part in its agitations, and make no little effort to influence the course of events. In appearance he has none of the peculiarities of the literary craft. Like Mr. R. D. Blackmore, who at first sight looks more like a farmer than a poet or novelist, but grows upon the mind by the depth of his eye and the force of his presence, so Mr. Morris might pass along in his easy unconventional costume without attracting the attention of his worshippers, unless, indeed, they were to scan the facial contours with an artist's eye. He is physically strong and hearty enough to afford good ground for the hope that he may live many years to enjoy the honors that are showered upon him. On his marriage he built a house near Bexley Heath, but since then he has migrated several times to different residences. At present he is living in a house at Hammersmith, in London, formerly occupied by George Macdonald, the popular novelist. Mr. Morris's country place is situated at Kelmscott, near Lechdale. It is a building mediæval in appearance, and of Elizabethan or Jacobean type. Here he spends much of his time, enjoying to the fullest extent those rural solitudes which seem to be the delight of all poets. In this retirement he works into verse many of those exquisite fancies which have won him such a high place among English authors.

THE NEW RÉGIME IN CANADA.

On page 1009 will be found a sketch of the St. Andrew's Society Ball given at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, November 29, in honor of the new Governor-General and the Princess Louise. It was a very brilliant and gorgeous affair. The vice-regal party were a little late, and during the time of waiting there was an animated scene in the hotel. "In the vast area of the office below," says the correspondent of the New York *World*, "there was a crush of people equal to that which terrified the correspondents at the Marshal's fête in Versailles the other day, with only the alluring prospect before them of seeing the cloaked beauties pass up the broad staircase to the dressing-rooms. In the fine promenade corridor above were two rows of redcoats, and behind them a row of ladies in evening dress, who had evidently come with only a little better prospect of seeing the ball than the surging multitude on the floor below. In the dining-room, which opens out of this grand corridor, two silken ropes were stretched down the middle of the room to keep a passage clear for the guests of the evening when they should arrive. Nothing in the ball was prettier than this scene of waiting with the animated panorama of well-dressed women and brilliantly uniformed men. At last the wild pibroch of the maddening pipers was heard, and at once three thousand people closed their ears instinctively to the music of 'The Campbells are Coming,' and opened their eyes to the beauty of at least one of the Campbells that came. As soon as the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess had reached the dais at the end of the room, opposite the doorway, and Lady Sophia Macnamara and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Moreton had placed themselves to the right of the vice-regal couple, Colonel Russell Stephenson, of the St. Andrew's Society, splendid in kilt and plumed bonnet, came forward and delivered the address of the society. This was the first time that Lord Lorne has spoken in Canada without a manuscript, and it was a decided improvement on his reading, though, thanks to the trying journey from Halifax, he was not at all in good voice, as they say of prime donne."

We have not space for a detailed description of the ball, or of the magnificent costumes of the ladies. Our readers will be interested, however, to know that the dress of the Princess, while it was sufficiently gorgeous, was at the same time simple in effect, for it was of pure white. The dress itself was of a rich white satin, the front being cut plain *en princesse*, but the rich laces which covered the rest of the skirt were arranged with great skill and taste. Her Royal Highness's necklace was of diamonds, and the plume in her coiffure was fastened with an aigrette of diamonds. It will possibly be of interest to know that the Princess in ball costume was universally admitted to be one of the loveliest women present. Lord Lorne was in plain evening dress, only wearing his stars of the Thistle and St. Michael and St. George on his breast, and the dark green ribbon of the Thistle over his waistcoat. Most of the distinguished people of Montreal were present, and many from other parts of the Dominion. The United States was represented by Governor Prescott and his Chief of Staff, Colonel Carlin, who wore the uniform of an infantry colonel of the regular army, which was not very dazzling beside the red coats and gold-lace of the British officers.

The great event of this ball was the Scotch reel, which was danced just before the vice-regal party retired. The Princess, it is said, went through the dance with much grace and spirit, and fairly eclipsed even the Scottish maidens present in the accuracy of her step.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

By a decree of the Minister of Public Instruction the establishment of a museum of apparatus for physical research has been ordered in connection with the Observatory of Paris, in which it is proposed to collect illustrations of all the apparatus used in astronomical and physical investigations from the earliest times, showing at a glance the rate, extent, and character of progress made year by year. It is also proposed to collect a portrait gallery of distinguished astronomers. M. Bischoffsheim, a rich banker of Paris, has contributed very largely toward meeting the expenses of this arrangement.

Ledoux, of Paris, has lately experimented upon the use of cinchona in preventing and curing some hitherto unmanageable diseases of the silk-worm, and which have threatened in many parts of France to entirely destroy the efforts of silk culturists. The application is made in the form of an impalpable powder. So far the experiments seem to show a very marked effect in causing an actual cure of pebrine, and largely diminishing the danger from flacherie.

Professor Mohn communicates to *Nature*, in the number for October 3, a notice of the later movements of the Norwegian exploring expedition in the *Voringen*, and its safe return to Bergen on the 4th of September. The operations during the interval in question continued to be perfectly satisfactory, both as to the extent and character of the physical work done and the natural history collections obtained.

Sir Richard Griffith, the oldest geologist of England, died at the age of ninety-four in October. Having been in charge for a number of years of public roads in Ireland, he was connected with the construction of many of them, showing remarkable engineering skill, his geological attainments qualifying him especially both for laying out the routes and for selecting the proper material for coating them.

Mr. Buchanan, one of the chemists of the *Challenger* expedition, has lately announced the occurrence in Loch Fyne, in Scotland, at the depth of 104 fathoms, of nodules of peroxide of manganese, identical with those found by the *Challenger*, and forming so important a constituent of the sea-bottom. The occurrence of this mineral was ascertained upon an examination of the adherent mud brought up on the anchor of a vessel, and of which it constituted thirty per cent. of the weight.

The German African Association has made some very important grants from its funds in aid of African exploration, having given £1500 sterling to Dr. Rohlfs to be used in North African exploration, £1000 to Major A. von Mechow for exploring the river Quango, and £500 to the International Committee at Brussels.

The application of the refrigerating process now in use on ship-board for conveying articles of food to Europe will probably soon be extended to the transportation of fruits from Australia to England. Perfectly sound samples of apples, pears, peaches, grapes, cherries, etc., were thus forwarded to the Paris Exhibition, in excellent condition, from Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

The Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, proposes to start during the winter a class of school-teachers for instruction in zoology. It will be limited to students of normal colleges engaged in teaching, or who intend to teach. The whole number will be fifteen. The course will consist of the study by lectures and work in the laboratory of a few typical forms of life, for the purpose of acquainting the students with a general outline of the animal kingdom as a whole. The course of instruction will be in charge of Professor W. K. Brooks.

Schiff, of Turin, states that sea-water or salt-water, containing about one part in one thousand of sulphide of carbon, makes a very good preserving liquid for animal specimens, in which they can be kept for a considerable time preliminary to their treatment with alcohol and the more usual substances.

Dr. Edwin R. Heath, of Wisconsin, is about undertaking the exploration of the Beni and Madre di Dios rivers of Brazil, his sojourn in South America some years as secretary of legation in Chili giving him excellent advantages for this purpose. Dr. Heath had arranged to visit South America with Professor Orton, but was detained, and he now desires to carry out some of the work that the untimely death of that well-known explorer has left uncompleted.

The latest advices from Mr. Frederick A. Ober, of whose explorations in the West Indies on account of the Smithsonian Institution we have given notice from time to time, were from Point-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe, on the 23d of September. He was about to leave for the United States, expecting to arrive some time between the middle and end of October. Since his last report he has obtained quite a number of additional collections, and hoped to complete the material for the proposed catalogue of the birds of the West Indies. So far the collections sent forward by him to the Smithsonian Institution have been found to contain some seventeen undescribed species of birds, as determined by Mr. George N. Lawrence, of New York.

A curious fact in the history of the Colorado potato-beetle has been lately developed in Kansas. It was originally a parasite of the wild potato of the West, known as the bull-nettle, or the Santa Fé bur, and exercised an important part in checking the ravages of what is considered a very noxious weed. After it transferred its affection to the cultivated potato, another species of *Solanum*, the wild plant experienced a very considerable development in consequence of its neglect by the beetle. It is now announced that the former action has been reversed, and that the beetle is again turning its attention to the bull-nettle, with a very marked influence upon its extension. It is believed also that it is abandoning the cultivated potato, much to the satisfaction of the farmer.

The November number of the *American Journal of Science* contains a description by Professor Verrill of a considerable number of rare marine invertebrates, either entirely new or previously unknown on the coast of North America, collected by the parties of the United States Fish Commission during the summer of 1878.

A peculiar cattle disease has recently been prevalent in Bavaria, in which the animals become very lean, and are affected with an excessive secretion of saliva and a rough cough. It has lately been found that this is caused by their eating old straw of barley or wheat grown over with bunt, and green clover with rust (*Puccinia*). By carefully avoiding the use of such substances the animals were gradually restored to their normal condition.

A substance has been introduced to the notice of horticulturists under the name of crepin, and earnestly recommended for its speedy action in the destruction of noxious insects without injuring the vegetation in the least. This is mixed with water, and applied by means of a syringe in the usual way.

A critical investigation by Wendlan shows that this is composed of water, alcohol, and salycilic acid; and he finds that it is really efficient for the purpose indicated, destroying aphides, phylloxera, thrips, etc., killing them at once without producing any injurious effect upon the plants.

Formal proclamation was made by the President on the 27th of September of the ratification of a convention between the United States of America, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, Denmark, Spain, France, Italy, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, and Venezuela for the establishment of an International Bureau of Weights and Measures.

This is to be situated in Paris, and will be under the protection of the French government. The office is to be placed in a special building, embracing every requisite for stillness and stability, and including in addition a vault, which shall be devoted to the safe-keeping of the patterns; rooms for mounting the comparators and balances; a laboratory; a library; rooms for the archives; work-rooms for the employés; and lodgings for the watchmen and attendants.

The total expenses for the first year are estimated at about $15,000, and for the second and successive years at about $10,000, this sum to be furnished by the states entering into the treaty in proportion to their respective populations.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Few persons realize the magnitude and increasing importance of the dairy industry in America. The International Dairy Fair, which opened on December 2 at the American Institute Building, has excited great interest not only among dairy-men in all parts of the United States and Canada, and shipping merchants generally, but among all persons who watch with national pride the rapid growth of important industries in our country, and the consequent increase of our export trade. A few figures will show somewhat the extent of this business. There are more than 13,000,000 cows in the United States, and the value of the land and stock employed in furnishing milk, butter, and cheese is estimated at $1,300,000,000. The annual production of cheese in the United States is estimated at 350,000,000 pounds, and of butter 1,500,000,000 pounds. Over 3000 factories are engaged in the manufacture of these articles, besides many thousands of private dairies. In 1877 the exports of butter amounted to 21,527,242, and of cheese to 107,164,666 pounds; and during the present year, up to the latest reports, there had been a large increase in exports. There has also been a marked improvement in the quality of the articles made. It is claimed that this country can produce a better quality of butter than any other by the "creamery system," which prevails in many of the States. At the Dairy Fair creameries and cheese factories are displayed in full operation, where the processes of manufacturing butter and cheese will be shown from beginning to end. The most improved implements and machinery used in dairy farming are also exhibited, as well as the best dairy cattle from various parts of the country.

Malignant diphtheria recently appeared in a certain locality in Harlem, causing the death of three children in one family. The Board of Health made a thorough investigation of the house and its surroundings, and several gross defects in plumbing and ventilation were discovered and promptly remedied. Among other obvious difficulties it was found that a ventilating shaft that passed beneath the flooring of the kitchen for the purpose of carrying off any foul air generated in that space had its outlet just beneath one of the kitchen windows, so that it almost necessarily entered the window and pervaded the house.

A series of temperance meetings held in the Seventh Street Methodist Church under the superintendence of Mr. Francis Murphy has awakened a very general interest, and seems to have resulted in many genuine reforms. At the close of the third week nearly eight thousand signatures to the abstinence pledge had been obtained.

Experiments continue to be made on the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad to lessen the noise of the trains. Some of these seem to be quite successful, so that it is said in one section the noise has been diminished one-half. Complaints in regard to the noise have also diminished—partly, doubtless, because the people have in a measure become accustomed to it, and partly because the obvious advantages of rapid transit reconcile them to it somewhat. The work of extending all the elevated roads is going on, and new stations are projected at points where they seem needed.

The evil results of the recent insurrection of the negro laborers in the island of St. Croix, or Santa Cruz, have not ended with the destruction of numerous estates. The business interests of the island seem paralyzed. The real causes of the trouble—inexpedient labor laws—still remain; and a want of confidence exists between employers and employés, which may lead to further difficulty.

Apples are abundant this year, as every body knows, and comparatively cheap. It would be well to take advantage of this circumstance and use them plentifully. In every household, if children—those in ordinary health—are allowed free access to the apple barrel, the doctor will be likely to have more leisure and fewer bills to present during the coming winter. Baked apples are both delicious and wholesome; and the ingenious housewife can easily contrive to substitute apples, cooked in various appetizing forms, for the cake and pies which are less desirable for the little folks.

Norwich, a manufacturing city of England, has been partly inundated by a freshet. Four or five miles of streets were submerged, and from 3000 to 4000 dwellings rendered temporarily uninhabitable.

The records of the Signal Service show that at least four vessels which have been wrecked upon our coast within a few years left port while the danger signals were flying.

The corner-stone of a new Roman Catholic cathedral was laid in Providence, Rhode Island, on Thanksgiving-day, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The building is intended to be one of the largest and finest church edifices in New England. The corner-stone was cut from a beautiful block of black marble obtained from quarries near Kilkenny, Ireland, and presented to Bishop Hendricken by the owner of the quarries during the bishop's visit to his native isle last summer.

On the last day of November the reports from New Orleans showed that there had been no deaths from yellow fever for four days. A white frost had effectually killed the germs of the disease.

About thirty colored emigrants recently sailed for Liberia under the auspices of the American Colonization Society. They were chiefly from the South.

It is worthy of record that the Five Points, which has been newly paved, is latterly kept as clean as some of the more aristocratic streets of our city. This is as it should be. If those streets which are lined with tenement-houses of the poorer class were faithfully cleaned every day, there would spring up in the minds of many of the residents a sort of pride to do what they could to keep their surroundings neat and wholesome. But it is certainly true that there are some streets in our city in which it would seem impossible that any one could live and retain any self-respect or any hopeful pride. Doubtless there are many living in such localities who would rejoice in cleanly surroundings; but they are unable to move away, and are helpless to do any thing to better the condition of the neighborhood. They simply endure their lot in a sort of dull despair. Nothing would help improve the moral as well as the physical condition of the poor so much as to give them clean streets and light, airy, wholesome dwellings.

We clip the following paragraph from the *Court Journal:*

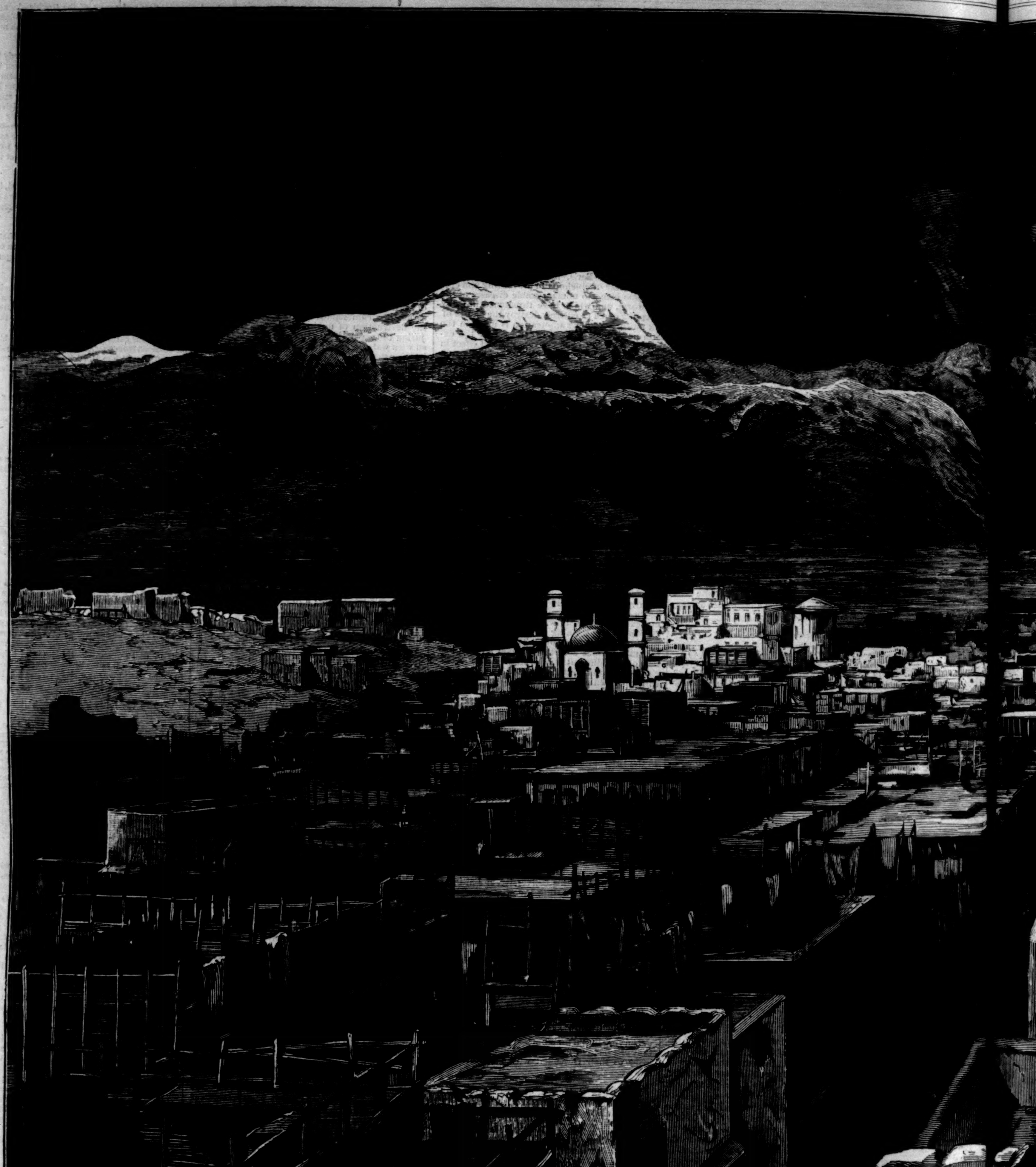
> "A great many English people have, no doubt, purchased one or more lottery tickets at the Paris Exhibition. Some of them may be under the impression that the large sum of twelve millions of francs which has been received for them will be spent almost entirely in the purchase of prizes selected among the objects exhibited. This is not the case. Of the total amount barely one-quarter has gone in prizes. The greater part of the balance has been used to assist workmen and their delegates from the provinces to visit the Exhibition, and the balance which will remain after paying expenses (about £40,000) will be devoted to a small permanent exhibition of model machinery on the Champ de Mars. Purchasers of tickets have, therefore, three to one the worst of the bargain."

Robert Heller, the wonderful magician, who recently died in Philadelphia, after a brief illness, was born in Canterbury, England, in 1833, and received a musical education at the London Conservatory, where he won a royal scholarship for musical composition and execution. He, however, soon developed a remarkable mechanical genius and a fondness for sleight-of-hand tricks; and he was only about sixteen when he appeared in conjuring tricks on the stage in England. He came to this country about 1852, and his subsequent success and fame are well known. For a number of years past he has been assisted in his performances by his half-sister. Mr. Heller had frequent premonitions of a sudden decease; but at the last his death was very unexpected, he having given a public performance only three days previous.

Some singular reports having appeared in a Detroit paper concerning our minister to Brazil, a defense of his qualifications and style of living is made in a public letter from John L. Frisbie, United States consul at Rio Grande do Sul. Having recently visited Minister Hilliard at Rio Janeiro, he states that he resides in one of the most beautiful parts of the city, and lives in a style befitting the chief diplomatic officer of the United States. His apartments are in the same building with those of the British minister, and he is said to be a general favorite in the diplomatic circles at the court of Dom Pedro.

In Paris, milk is delivered in sealed bottles, upon which the date is placed, and the milk itself is of a standard quality and a fixed quantity. Something of this nature must be done in New York and vicinity as a protection to customers.

An exchange relates the curious history of a nickel cent. In May, 1857, a Mr. C. N. Fuller was married in Gowanda, New York. Hiram Wheeler, a brother of the bride, presented the couple with one of the nickel cent pieces which had just been issued, on which he had engraved the names of the bride and groom and the date of the marriage. When their first child was born, a year afterward, they attached this coin to a chain and hung it about the babe's neck. The family moved to Ithaca a few years later, and one day the boy, then about six years old, detached the coin from the chain and spent it for candy. Since then father, mother, and son have died. At the recent fair of the Indians in the Cattaraugus Reservation, W. N. Fuller, a brother of the late C. N. Fuller, made a purchase at a stand. In the change that was handed back to him was the identical penny that Hiram Wheeler had engraved twenty-one years ago, and that his little nephew spent in Ithaca thirteen years ago. From appearances the coin had been in circulation ever since.



THE AFGHAN WAR—PESHAWUR AND T E ENT

AT THE GATE OF THE PASS.

Peshawur Valley, a province of the Punjab, forms the northwestern corner of the British Empire in India, and fronts immediately upon Afghanistan, of which it was originally a part. Through it passes the great route which crosses the Indus at Attock, and leads, by way of the passes of the Khyber Mountains, to Cabool and Khorasan. It is also traversed by the grand trunk road from Lahore to the city of Peshawur, along which is stationed in times of peace the army of the Punjab.

In 1829 the Afghans surrendered the province of Peshawur to **Runjeet Singh**, the great Indian leader, from whom again it was wrested by the English during the famous Sikh wars, which gave the latter dominion over the whole of the Punjab. At present the city of Peshawur is regarded as the most important military post within the British possessions. The regular garrison consists of three batteries of artillery, two English regiments, two of native cavalry, and one of infantry. There is a series of mud forts along the frontier line, which are usually occupied by detachments of native troops, namely, Fort Mackeson, commanding the Kohât Pass, Fort Michnee, at the entrance of the Tartara Pass, and Fort Shubkudder, which commands the Caroppa Pass, leading to Lalpura, the strong garrison of Peshawur itself standing sentinel at the mouth of the Khyber, with the police watch-tower on the extreme frontier line.

The city of Peshawur, when visited in the early part of the present century by General **Elphinstone**, commander of the English troops during the Afghan war of 1841, was a flourishing town, about five miles in circuit, and reported to contain 100,000 inhabitants. When compelled to surrender to **Runjeet Singh**, it suffered the usual fate of conquered cities. By way of vengeance upon the inhabitants he ordered the demolition of the Bala Hissar, at once the capital and the state residence, destroyed the fine houses of the chief Afghans, desecrated the mosques, and by cutting down groves and orchards laid waste the surrounding country. Under the rule of the Sikhs, oppression and exactions prevented for a time any revival of the former prosperity. Commerce languished, and the residents of Peshawur were obliged to look on and see the finest ornaments of their city destroyed, and their religious edifices, many of which were splendid specimens of Oriental architecture, willfully polluted. The one great monument of Sikh rule which remains is the fortress erected by them on the site of Bala Hissar. It covers a square of 220 yards, and is strengthened by round towers at each angle, every curtain having in front of it a semicircular ravelin. There is a fausse-braye all round, of substantial towers and cu ains, with a
Within are capacious mag ines and sto
The only gateway is on th northern fa
protected by towers.

The word Peshawur sig fies "advan
and was applied to the t n by its fou
Mogul Emperor **Akbar**, i reference to
the frontier town of Hind tan toward
tan. The present city c tains 60,00
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skill by Major **Ommanney**, recently Dep
missioner of the Peshaw Valley. T
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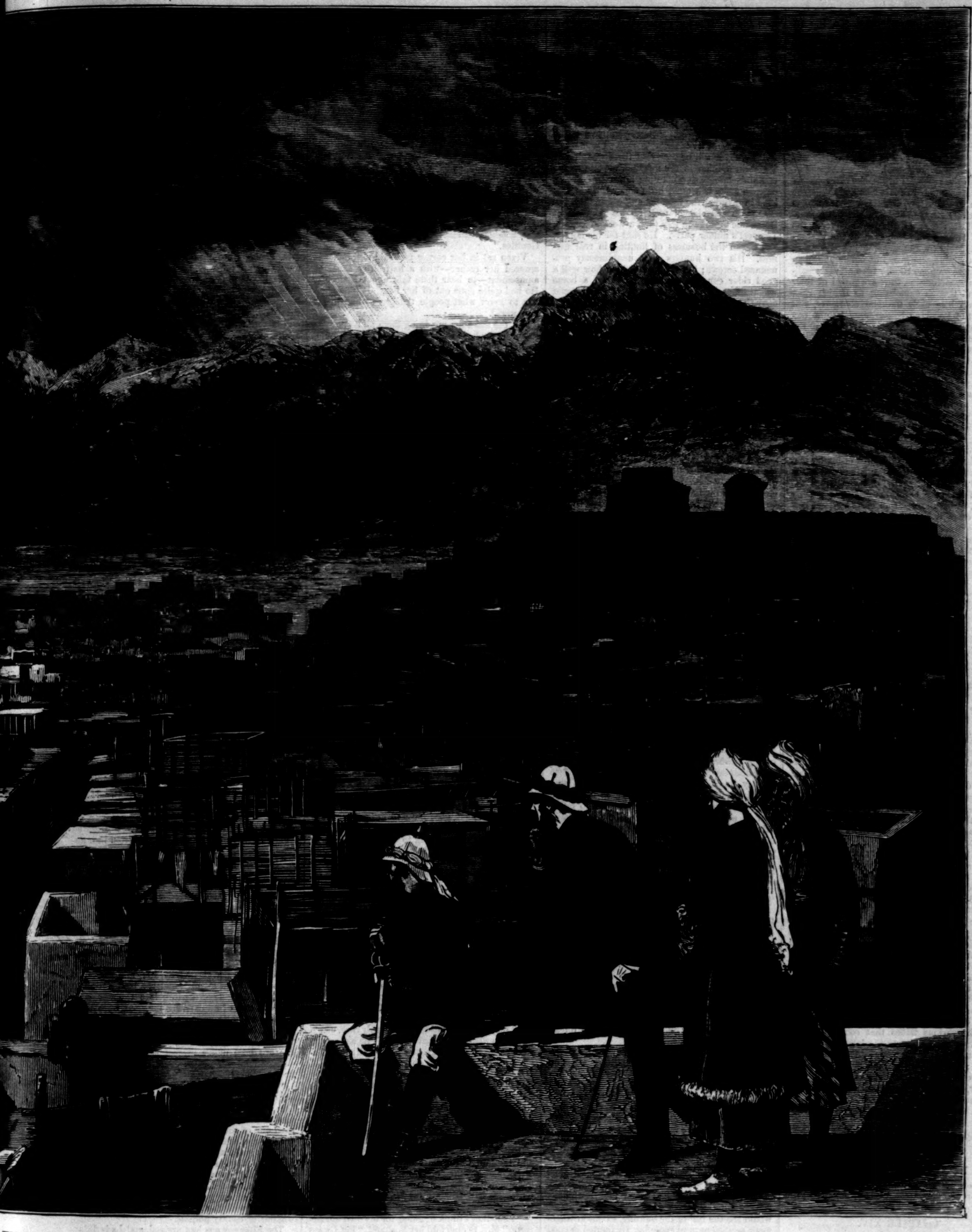

E ENTRANCE TO THE KHYBER PASS.

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Valley. The whole
tered and exceedingly fertile, and its principal crops are rice, wheat, barley, and maize, whilst English vegetables are cultivated with great success. The grapes of Peshawur are celebrated in all parts of Northern India, and are cultivated in the villages on the Bara River without much trouble, whilst plums, figs, peaches, pomegranates, mulberries, and quinces grow in abundance, although inferior in flavor to those grown in Europe. The valley is not, however, regarded as a suitable place of residence for Europeans, the climate being so notoriously unhealthy as to have gained it among the British soldiery the title of the "Valley of Death." The weather is exceedingly hot in summer, but cool and pleasant in winter. During November, December, January, and February it very much resembles the climate of the south of France, whilst the thermometer in June and July frequently reaches 112° in the shade. There is no rainy season, as in other parts of India, but there are frequently days of incessant rain during what we call the winter months. Since the British occupation of the valley there have been as many as seven cholera epidemics of a very fatal character. The five cemeteries of the place testify to the sad fact that many a young soldier crossed the Indus never to return. The repeated assassinations of Europeans which have taken place in the district have also rendered it famous in the annals of Indian history.

Since 1849, when the province passed under British dominion, all restrictions upon trade have been removed, and the commerce of Peshawur has expanded rapidly. During the winter months the capital city is the great mart for the whole of Central Asia, and its streets are crowded with motley groups of strangers from Cabool, Ghuznee, Chitral, Kohistan, Pugwar, Khawak, and hundreds of unheard-of places, known only to those who are very familiar with the geography of this remote part of the world. These men generally bring down horses, furs, skins, chogas, and rough woolen cloth, which they readily sell in the Peshawur market.

Peshawur is not only known to the Central Asian world as a place of merchandise, but it has always had its reputation as a centre of learning, for Akhund Darweza, Pir Baba, Kaka Sahib, and more recently the Akhund of Swat, are names as well known in the Mohammedan theological world as Westcott and Pusey and Stanley are known to English students. Consequently an extensive book trade is carried on at Peshawur, and every year numerous camel-loads of Korans and other religious books find their way over the steep mountain passes to the regions of Turkestan and Badakhshan, for the cheapness of lithographic printing has promoted the study of Mohammedan books, which are printed by thousands at Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Bombay. Peshawur has also been the source of most of the Afghan literature, and the great national poet of the Afghans, Abdur Rahman, lies buried in a grave-yard not far from the city. For many years several of the leading members of the present Ameer's family resided at Peshawur, and the old fort, once held by the Barakzais, has been only recently levelled to the ground. The grave of the mother of Shere Ali is still to be seen not far from the Wazeeree Bagh, on the old residence of the Barakzai family. The palaces of two of the Ameer's uncles, Yar Mohamed Khan and Peer Mohamed Khan, are used respectively as the government dispensary and the Church Mission Anglo-vernacular School.

Although the residents of the city of Peshawur include a large number of Hindoos and Sikhs, the population of the valley, estimated at 524,000, is almost entirely Afghan, and exhibits the characteristics of this race as distinguished from the natives of Hindostan. The men of the villages are tall and stalwart, and resemble in appearance, if not in costume, the group of chiefs shown in our engraving on page 1008. Like all races hailing from the mountains, they are proud of their lineage, and though submitting to British rule, they do not lose their national character, still speaking the Pooshtoo language, and most frequently intermarrying with the Afghans of the surrounding hills, as well as with those of the kingdom of Cabool. Their marriage customs are similar to those of most Mohammedan countries: wives are purchased and regarded as property; a man marries the widow of his deceased brother, and it is a mortal affront for any other man to take her to wife. Sometimes the bridegroom earns his wife as Jacob did Rachel. Polygamy is permitted, but not largely practiced, the poor contenting themselves with one wife, and the middle class with two, and perhaps as many concubines. The wives of the rich live in luxury and indolence, but those of the poor labor both in the household and in the field. In some tribes the smallest familiarity before marriage is strictly forbidden, whilst in others an excessive and perilous degree of it is allowed. Education is conducted much as in the conterminous countries: the children of the poor are taught by a moollah (school-master) to read the Koran and say their prayers, the rich employ private tutors, whilst students intended for the learned professions go to colleges. All educated Afghans learn some other language than their own, in which literature is at a very low ebb. The Pooshtoo language is an original stock, embracing a good deal of Persian, with some Zend and Sanskrit words, and the character used in writing it is the Niskee form of the Persian alphabet. Very few works of repute exist in the language. The Afghans are all Mohammedans of the Soonee persuasion, but they are very tolerant of other faiths. Christians sustain neither persecution nor reproach, they being called people of the *book*, as deriving their tenets from a written source, which the natives themselves respect, instead of pagans, as the Hindoos, who have to pay a slight tax. The Sheahs are more detested than any other sect, yet many of them hold important offices. Soofeeism (free-thinking) is very common, and gaining ground, although denounced by the moollahs and priests, who are mostly bigoted, avaricious, and hypocritical, as well as arrogant. The Afghans are very social in their habits; they delight in dinner parties, and are fond of listening to love songs sung to an accompaniment of guitars, fiddles, and hautboys, and to the marvellous fairy tales of the professional story-tellers. They smoke a great deal, and take much snuff, of a finely powdered kind, like the Scotch. They are also fond of the chase, and of all kinds of sports, and they habitually train cocks, quails, rams, dogs, and even camels, to engage in combat.

The Afghans make good soldiers, but they are not sufficiently united as a race to make common cause against a foreign enemy. Not only are the inhabitants of the Peshawur Valley ranging themselves under the banners of their English rulers, but even the hill tribes of the adjacent mountains are deserting the standard of the Ameer, whom they almost universally distrust and dislike. Nearly every day brings news of fresh disaffection among the various tribes that compose Shere Ali's army. According to the latest reports, no further attempt is being made to defend the Khyber Pass; and unless the English are forced to suspend operations on account of the approach of winter, it is not unreasonable to hope for a speedy termination of the present struggle.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY SOUTHMINSTER'S BALL.

Captain Carmichael closed with Mrs. Hawbuck for the pretty little veranda-surrounded cottage on the slope of the hill above Beechdale. Captain Hawbuck, a retired naval man, to whom the place had been very dear, was in his grave, and his wife was anxious to try if she and her hungry children could not live on less money in Belgium than they could in England. The good old post-captain had improved and beautified the place from a farm laborer's cottage into a habitation which was the quintessence of picturesque inconvenience. Ceilings which you could touch with your hand; funny little fire-places in angles of the rooms; a corkscrew staircase, which a stranger ascended or descended at peril of life or limb; no kitchen worth mentioning, and stuffy little bedrooms under the thatch. Seen from the outside, the cottage was charming; and if the captain and his family could only have lived over the way, and looked at it, they would have had full value for the money invested in its improvement. Small as the rooms were, and despite that dark slander which hung over the chimneys, Captain Carmichael declared that the cottage would suit him admirably.

"I like the situation," he said, discussing his bargain in the coffee-room at the Crown, Lyndhurst.

"I should rather think you did!" cried Mr. Bell, the local surgeon. "Suits you down to the ground, doesn't it?"

Whereby it will be seen that there was already a certain opinion in the neighborhood as to the captain's motive for planting himself at Beechdale, so acute is a quiet little community of this kind in divining the intentions of a stranger.

Captain Carmichael took up his quarters at Beechdale Cottage in less than a week after Mrs. Tempest's dinner party. He sent for his horses, and began the business of hunting in real earnest. His two hunters were unanimously pronounced screws; but it is astonishing how well a good rider can get across country on a horse which other people call a screw. Nobody could deny Captain Carmichael's merits as a horseman. His costume and appointments had all the finish of Melton-Mowbray, and he was always in the first flight.

Before he had occupied Captain Hawbuck's cottage a month the new-comer had made friends for himself in all directions. He was as much at home in the Forest as if he had been native and to the manner born. His straight riding, his good looks, and agreeable manners won him every body's approval. There was nothing dissipated or Bohemian about him. His clothes never smelled of stale tobacco. He was as punctual at church every Sunday morning as if he had been a family man, bound to set a good example. He subscribed liberally to the hounds, and was always ready with those stray florins and half crowns by which a man purchases a cheap popularity among the horse-holding and ragged-follower class.

Having distinctly asserted her intention of remaining a widow, to Violet, Mrs. Tempest allowed herself the privilege of being civil to Captain Carmichael. He dropped in at afternoon tea at least twice a week; he dined at the Abbey House whenever the Scobels or any other intimate friends were there "in a quiet way." He generally escorted Mrs. Tempest and her daughter from church on Sunday morning, Violet persistently loitering twenty yards or so behind them on the narrow woodland path that led from Beechdale to the Abbey House.

After walking home from church with Mrs. Tempest, it was only natural that the captain should stop to luncheon, and after luncheon—the Sabbath afternoon being, in a manner, a legitimate occasion for dawdling—it was natural enough for him to linger, looking at the gardens and greenhouses, or talking beside the drawing-room fire, till the appearance of the spitfire Queen Anne tea-kettle and Mrs. Tempest's infusion of orange pekoe.

Sometimes the Scobels were present at these Sunday luncheons, sometimes not. Violet was with her mother, of course, on these occasions, but, while bodily present, she contrived to maintain an attitude of aloofness which would have driven a less resolute man than Conrad Carmichael to absent himself. A man more sensitive to the opinions of others could hardly have existed in such an atmosphere of dislike; but Captain Carmichael meant to live down Miss Tempest's aversion or to give her double cause for hating him.

"Why have you given up hunting, Miss Tempest?" he asked, one Sunday afternoon, when they had gone the round of the stables, and Arion had been fondled and admired—a horse as gentle as a dog in his stable, as fiery as a wild-cat out of it.

"Because I have no one I care to hunt with, now papa is gone."

"But here in the Forest, where every body knows you, where you might have as many fathers as the Daughter of the Regiment—"

"Yes, I have many kind friends; but there is not one who could fill my father's place for an hour."

"It is a pity," said the captain, sympathetically. "You were so fond of hunting, were you not?"

"Passionately."

"Then it is a shame you should forego the pleasure. And you must find it very dull, I should think, riding alone in the forest."

"Alone! I have my horse."

"Surely he does not count as a companion."

"Indeed he does. I wish for no better company than Arion, now papa is gone."

"Violet is so eccentric!" Mrs. Tempest murmured, gently.

Captain Carmichael had taken Mrs. Hawbuck's cottage till the 1st of May. The end of April would see the last of the hunting, so this arrangement seemed natural enough. He hunted in good earnest. There was no pretense about him. It was only the extra knowing ones, the little knot of choice spirits at the Crown, who saw some deeper motive than a mere love of sport for his residence at Beechdale. These advanced minds had contrived to find out all about Captain Carmichael by this time—the date of his selling out, his ostensible and hidden reasons for leaving the army, the amount of his debts, and the general complexion of his character. There was not much to be advanced against him, no dark stories, only a leading notion that he was a man who wanted to improve his fortunes, and would not be overscrupulous as to the means. But as your overscrupulous man is one in a thousand, this was ranking Captain Carmichael with the majority.

The winter was over; there were primroses peeping out of the moss and brambles, and a shy little violet shining like a blue eye here and there. The flaunting daffodils were yellow in every glade, and the gummy chestnut buds were beginning to swell. It was mid-March, and as yet there had been no announcement of home-coming from Roderick Vawdrey or the Dovedales. The duke was said to have taken a fancy to the Roman style of fox-hunting; Lady Mabel was studying art; the duchess was suspected of a leaning to Romanism; and Roderick was dancing attendance upon the family generally.

"Why should he not stay there with them?" said Mr. Scobel, sipping his pekoe in a comfortable little circle of gossipers round Mrs. Tempest's gypsy table. "He has very little else to do with his life. He is a young man utterly without views or purpose. He has no mission. I have sounded him, and found him full of a shallow good nature. He would build a church if people asked him, and hardly know, when it was finished, whether he meant it for Jews or Gentiles."

Vixen sat in her corner and said nothing. It amused her rather—with a half-bitter sense of amusement—to hear them talk about Roderick. He had quite gone out of her life. It interested her to know what people thought of him in his new world.

"If the duke doesn't bring them all home very soon, the duchess will go over," said Mrs. Scobel, with conviction. "She has been drifting that way for ever so long. Ignatius isn't high enough for her."

The Reverend Ignatius sighed. He hardly saw his way to ascending any higher.

It was in this month of March that an event impended which caused a considerable flutter among the dancing population of the Forest. Lord Southminster's eldest daughter, Lady Almira Ringwood, was to marry Sir Ponto Jones, the rich iron-master—an alliance of ancient aristocracy and modern wealth which was considered one of the grandest achievements of the age, like the discovery of steam or the electric telegraph; and after the marriage, which was to be quietly performed in the presence of about a hundred and fifty blood-relations, there was to be a ball, to which all the county families were bidden, with very little more distinction or favoritism than in the good old fairy-tale times, when the king's herald went through the streets of the city to invite every body, and only some stray Cinderella, cleaning boots and knives in a back kitchen, found herself unintentionally excluded. Lady Southminster drew the line at county families, naturally, but her kindly feelings allowed a wide margin for parsons, doctors, and military men; and among these last Captain Carmichael received a card.

Mrs. Scobel declared that this ball would be a grand thing for Violet. "You have never properly come out, you know, dear," she said; "but at Southminster you will be seen by every body, and, as I dare say Lady Ellangowan will take you under her wing, you'll be seen to the best advantage."

"Do you think Lady Ellangowan's wing will make any difference—in me?" inquired Vixen.

"It will make a great deal of difference in the Southminster set," replied Mrs. Scobel, who considered herself an authority upon all social matters.

She was a busy, good-natured little woman, the chosen confidante of all her female friends. People were always appealing to her on small social questions, what they ought to do or to wear on such and such an occasion. She knew the wardrobes of her friends as well as she knew her own. "I suppose you'll wear that lovely pink," she would say, when discussing an impending dinner party. She gave judicious assistance in the composition of a menu. "My love, every one has pheasants at this time of year. Ask your poulterer to send you guinea-fowls; they are more distinguées," she would suggest. Or: "If you have dessert ices, let me recommend you coffee-cream. We had it last week at Ellangowan Park."

Vixen made no objection to the Southminster ball. She was young and fond of waltzing. Whirling easily round to the swing of some German melody, in a great room garlanded with flowers, was a temporary cessation of all earthly care, which was in no wise unpleasant to her. She had enjoyed her waltzes even at that charity ball at the Pavilion to which she had gone so unwillingly.

The March night was fine, but blustery, when Mrs. Tempest and her daughter started for the Southminster ball. The stars were shining in a windy sky, the tall forest trees were tossing their heads, the brambles were shivering, and a shrill shriek came up out of the woodland every now and then, like a human cry for help.

Mrs. Tempest had offered to take Mrs. Scobel and Captain Carmichael in her roomy carriage. Mr. Scobel was not going to the ball: all such entertainments were an abhorrence to him; but this particular ball, being given in Lent, was more especially abhorrent.

"I shouldn't think of going for my own amusement," Mrs. Scobel told her husband, "but I want to see Violet Tempest at her first local ball. I want to see the impression she makes. I believe she will be the belle of the ball."

"That would mean the belle of South Hants," said the parson. "She has a beautiful face for a painted window—there is such a glow of color."

"She is absolutely lovely, when she likes," replied his wife; "but she has a curious temper; and there is something very repellent about her when she does not like people. Strange, is it not, that she should not like Captain Carmichael?"

"She would be a very noble girl under more spiritual influences," sighed the Reverend Ignatius. "Her present surroundings are appallingly earthly. Horses, dogs, a table loaded with meat in Lent and Advent, a total ignoring of daily matins and evensong. It is sad to see those we like treading the broad path so blindly. I feel sorry, Juliana, that you should go to this ball."

"It is only on Violet's account," repeated Mrs. Scobel. "Mrs. Tempest will be thinking of nothing but her dress; there will be nobody interested in that poor girl."

Urged thus upon purely benevolent grounds, Mr. Scobel could not withhold his consent, more especially as he had acquired the habit of letting his wife do what she liked on most occasions—a marital custom not easily broken through. So Mrs. Scobel, who was an economical little woman, "did up" her silver-gray silk dinner dress with ten shillings' worth of black tulle and pink rose-buds, and felt she had made a success that Madame Élise might have approved. Her faith in the silver-gray and rose-buds was just a little shaken by her first view of Mrs. Tempest and Violet: the widow in black velvet, rose-point, and scarlet—Spanish as a portrait by Velasquez; Violet in black and gold, with white camellias in her hair.

The drive was a long one, well over ten miles, along one of those splendid straight roads which distinguish the New Forest. Mrs. Tempest and Mrs. Scobel were in high spirits, and prattled agreeably all the way, only giving Captain Carmichael time to get a word in edgeways now and then. Violet looked out of the window and held her peace. There was always a charm for her in that dark, silent forest, those waving branches and flitting clouds, stars gleaming like lights on a stormy sea. She was not much elated at the idea of the ball, and "that small, small, imperceptibly small talk" of her mother's and Mrs. Scobel's was beyond measure wearisome to her.

"I hope we shall get there after the Ellangowans," said Mrs. Scobel, when they had driven through the little town of Ringwood, and were entering a land of level pastures and fertilizing streams, which seemed wonderfully tame after the undulating forest; "it would be so much nicer for Violet to be in the Ellangowan set from the first."

"I beg to state that Miss Tempest has promised me the first waltz," said Captain Carmichael. "I am not going to be ousted by any offshoot of nobility in Lady Ellangowan's set."

"Oh, of course, if Violet has promised— What a lot of carriages! I'm afraid there'll be a block presently."

There was every prospect of such a calamity. A confluence of vehicles had poured into a narrow lane bounded on one side by a treacherous water-meadow, on the other by a garden wall. They all came to a stand-still, as Mrs. Scobel had prophesied. For a quarter of an hour there was no progress whatever, and a good deal of recrimination among coachmen, and then the rest of the journey had to be done at a walking pace.

The reward was worth the labor, when at the end of a long winding drive the carriage drew up before the Italian front of Southminster House—a white marble portico, long rows of tall windows brilliantly lighted, a vista of flowers and statues and lamps and pictures and velvet hangings seen through the open doorway.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" cried Violet, fresh as a school-girl in this new delight. "First the dark forest, and then a house like this; it is like fairy-land."

"And you are to be the queen of it—my queen!" said Conrad Carmichael, in a low voice. "I am to have the first waltz, remember that. If the Prince of Wales were my rival, I would not give way."

He detained her hand in his as she alighted from the carriage. She snatched it from him angrily.

"I have a good mind not to dance at all," she said.

"Why not?"

"It is paying too dearly for the pleasure, to be obliged to dance with you."

"In what school did you learn politeness, Miss Tempest?"

"If politeness means civility to people I despise, I have never learned it," answered Vixen.

There was no time for further skirmishing. He had taken her cloak from her, and handed it to the attendant nymph, and received a ticket; and now they were drifting into the tea-room, where a row of ministering footmen were looking at the guests across a barricade of urns and tea-pots, with countenances that seemed to say, "If you want any thing, you must ask for it. We are here under protest, and we very much wonder how our people could ever have invited such rabble!"

"I always feel small in a tea-room when there are only men in attendance," whispered Mrs. Scobel; "they are so haughty. I would sooner ask Gladstone or Disraeli to pour me out a cup of tea than one of those supercilious creatures."

Lady Southminster was stationed in the Teniers room—a small apartment at the beginning of the suite which ended in the picture-gallery or ball-room. She was what Joe Gargery called "a fine figure of a woman," in ruby velvet and diamonds, and received her guests with an indiscriminating cordiality which went far to heal the gaping wounds of county politics.

The Ellangowans had arrived, and Lady Ellangowan, who was full of good nature, was quite ready to take Violet under her wing when Mrs. Scobel suggested that operation.

"I can find her any number of partners," she said. "Oh, there she goes—off already—with Captain Carmichael."

The captain had lost no time in exacting his waltz. It was the third on the programme, and the band were beginning to warm to their work. They were playing a waltz by Offenbach—"Les Traineaux"—with an accompaniment of jingling sleigh-bells: music that had an almost maddening effect on spirits already exhilarated.

The long lofty picture-gallery made a magnificent ball-room—a polished floor of dark wood, a narrow line of light under the projecting cornice, the famous Paul Veronese, the world-renowned Rubens, the adorable Titian; ideal beauty looking down with art's eternal tranquillity upon the whisk and whirl of actual life; here a calm Madonna contemplating with deep unfathomable eyes these brief ephemera of a night; there Judith with a white muscular arm holding the tyrant's head aloft above the dancers; yonder Philip of Spain frowning on this Lenten festival.

Violet and Captain Carmichael waltzed in a stern silence. She was vexed with herself for her loss of temper just now. In his breast there was a deeper anger. When would his day come? he asked himself. When would he be able to bow this proud head, to bend this stubborn will? It must be soon: he was tired of playing his submissive part, tired of holding his cards hidden.

They held on to the end of the waltz—the last clash of the sleigh-bells.

"Who's that girl in black and gold?" asked a guardsman of Lady Ellangowan; "those two are the best dancers in the room—it's a thousand to nothing on them."

That final clash of the bells brought the captain and his partner to anchor at the end of the gallery, which opened through an archway into a semicircular palm-house. In the middle of this archway, looking at the dancers, stood a figure at sight of which Violet Tempest's heart gave a great leap, and then stood still.

It was Roderick Vawdrey. He was standing alone, listlessly contemplating the ball-room, with much less life and expression in his face than there was in the pictured faces on the walls.

"That was a very nice waltz—thanks," said Vixen, giving the captain a little courtesy.

"Shall I take you back to Mrs. Tempest?"

Roderick had seen her by this time, and was coming toward her with a singularly grave and distant countenance, she thought; not at all the Rorie of old times. But of course that was over and done with. She must never call him Rorie any more, not even in her own thoughts. A sharp, sudden memory thrilled her, as they stood face to face in that brilliant gallery—the memory of their last meeting in the darkened room on the day of her father's funeral.

"How do you do?" said Roderick, with a gush of originality. "Your mamma is here, I suppose?"

"Haven't you seen her?"

"No; we've only just come."

"We," no doubt meant the Dovedale party, of which Mr. Vawdrey was henceforth a part.

"I did not know you were to be here, or even that you were in England."

"We only came home yesterday, or I should have called at the Abbey House. We have been coming home, or talking about it, for the last three weeks. A few days ago the duchess took it into her head that she ought to be at Lady Almira's wedding—there's some kind of relationship, you know, between the Ashbournes and the Southminsters—so we put on a spurt, and here we are."

"I am very glad," said Vixen, not knowing very well what to say; and then seeing Captain Carmichael standing stiffly at her side, with an aggrieved expression of countenance, she faltered: "I beg your pardon; I don't think you have ever met Mr. Vawdrey. Captain Carmichael—Mr. Vawdrey."

Both gentlemen acknowledged the introduction with the stiffest and chilliest of bows; and then the captain offered Violet his arm, and she, having no excuse for refusing it, submitted quietly to be taken away from her old friend. Roderick made no attempt to detain her.

The change in him could hardly have been more marked, Vixen thought. Yes, the old Rorie—playfellow, scape-goat, friend of the dear old childish days—was verily dead and gone.

"Shall we go and look at the presents?" asked Captain Carmichael.

"What presents?"

"Lady Almira's wedding presents. They are all laid out in the library. I hear they are very splendid. Every body is crowding to see them."

"I dare say mamma would like to go, and Mrs. Scobel," suggested Vixen.

"Then we will all go together."

They found the two matrons side by side on a settee, under a lovely girlish head by Greuze. They were both delighted at the idea of seeing the presents. It was something to do. Mrs. Tempest had made up her mind to abjure even square dances this evening. There was something incongruous in widowhood and the Lancers; especially in one's own neighborhood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN GILBERT.

ON Thursday, December 5, Mr. JOHN GILBERT celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into the profession of an actor; and thousands of our readers who have enjoyed his excellent personations on the stage, and admired his personal character, will be glad to find his portrait and see how he appears when off the stage. The fine likeness of him given on page 1017 was engraved for *Harper's Weekly* from a recent photograph by SARONY.

JOHN GIBBS GILBERT was born in Boston on the 27th of February, 1810. At the age of eighteen he was smitten with the desire to become an actor. In a recent conversation with a writer for the New York *Herald* he gave the following interesting account of his first appearance on the stage: "It was necessary for me to rehearse before a committee of judges. These consisted of three or four chosen friends of the management, who were supposed to possess more or less of judiciary power, and to exercise the same in considering the applications of all débutants. It was a critical moment with me, for I was only eighteen years of age. Nevertheless, I passed the Rubicon, successfully rehearsing the *rôles* of Jaffier in *Venice Preserved*, Sir Edmund Mortimer, and Shylock. My first part was in the play I have just named. It was performed at the Tremont Theatre on Friday evening, November 28, 1828. I was supported in this and many subsequent performances by the famous Mrs. DUFF, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women then on the stage. Afterward I became a regular member of the Tremont Theatre, and was cast for a variety of parts. I remember that EDWIN FORREST played in our company about this time."

In regard to his boyhood, Mr. GILBERT said it was "without an event." "My christening and short clothes," he continued, "were followed by school-days, first in the primaries, then at the old MAYHEW school, and finally at the high school. Here they used to like my elocution on declamation days, and I'm not sure that it didn't have an effect on me subsequently. Afterward I went into a dry-goods shop with my uncle, but becoming weary of the monotony of this kind of business, I started, as I told you just now, learned some parts, and went before the censors."

At a very early age Mr. GILBERT drifted into the personation of old men. Even in his youth he was known in Boston as "Old GILBERT." He says himself that his earliest ambition was to personate tragedy, but happily he discovered his true vocation during a tour in the South and West. On that trip he played Sir Anthony Absolute, Master Walter, and other familiar characters in this vein with such success as to determine his career. The charm of GILBERT's old men, says a correspondent of the *Tribune*, "is that they behave precisely as such old men would be likely to behave under the circumstances of time, place, and action. The racy petulance, the acidulous repartee, the dashes of eccentricity, the strength of character, hissing and bubbling vehemently in spite of physical weakness, the scolding, the sneering, the wheedling, the muscular simplicity—all these make a personage which may not be the less true because it is a dramatic tradition, and has ceased to be common in houses and highways, as Romeos have, and Hamlets, for that matter, as well.... Mr. GILBERT's personations of such Sir Peters and Sir Roberts are triumphs of perfect art, which the present generation of play-goers had better see as much of as possible."

Since 1860 Mr. GILBERT, whose career has been too long and varied to be even summarized here, has been connected with Wallack's Theatre in this city, and has sustained without a single failure the high reputation he had won in other fields. In his sixty-ninth year he still retains all the genial cheerfulness of youth and all the vigor and power of manhood; and those whom his fine acting has so often charmed, instructed, and amused trust that the day may be far distant when he shall tread the stage no more.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Saturday, 21.—St. Thomas the Apostle.
Sunday, 22.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Wednesday, 25.—Christmas-day.
Thursday, 26.—St. Stephen the Martyr.
Friday, 27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Saturday, 28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday, 29.—First Sunday after Christmas.

THE war which Germany is waging against the Socialists is unrelenting. Very little discrimination is made in selecting the associations or periodicals to be suppressed. The German correspondent of the London *Guardian* gives the following list for the first week in November: There "were forbidden on the 2d one people's club, one theatrical club, three choral societies, and several magazines; 4th, four choral societies, three workmen's unions, one co-operative store, and books of songs; 5th, one choral society, five workmen's unions, and one reading club; 6th, two choral societies, one newspaper club, two Socialist clubs, a shoe-makers' and tailors' union, and five pamphlets; 7th, one choral society, two people's unions, three workmen's sick clubs, and three magazines; 8th, three people's unions, a shoe-makers' union, etc." By cable it is also reported that early in December a number of Socialist women were expelled from Berlin; among them was Frau HAHN, noted for her bitterness of speech against Churches and clergymen. It is rumored that Germany will ship many of the Socialists to America; be this as it may, they will undoubtedly come to this country in considerable numbers. By the terms of the law, its operation is limited to two years and a half, and this fact may help to explain the energy of the police.

The meeting of delegates from the Methodist Episcopal churches of Brooklyn, called to consider the expediency of prolonging the pastoral term of the itinerant ministers, resulted in a vote against such a change. The resolution adopted was in these words: "That we deem it inexpedient to memorialize the General Conference to make any change in the rules of the Church touching the pastoral relation; but it is the sense of this Convention that our present system requires only thorough working to secure results far surpassing any heretofore attained." The discussion of the subject was continued through two sessions of the Convention; on the passage of the resolution there were 50 ayes and 39 noes.

Mr. MOODY is "resting" for the winter in Baltimore in the following fashion. At 4 P.M. each day he holds a Bible-reading service in the Eutaw Place Baptist Church; at 8 P.M. daily a meeting in the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. Crowds attend both. He has asked for a "Tabernacle" to seat from 5000 to 10,000 persons, but as the churches are fully occupied, their compliance with Mr. MOODY's wishes is considered doubtful.

The fair in St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral of this city has closed, with $160,000 receipts, nearly all of which is profit. Raffling, not to use a stronger term, was so prominent a feature of the management that it has called out the remonstrances of the secular as well as the religious press. The New York *Observer* says on this point: "By far the greater part of this sum was raised by gambling in various forms, confessedly in violation of the laws of the State, and with the approbation and participation of the ecclesiastical authorities of the Church." The *Evening Post* describes one table, where boys were encouraged to stake one cent each on the revolving of an arrow and the final pointing to one of twelve numbers: "There were twelve sections in all, and on each one of them lay a cent contributed by a boy or girl. The reporter of the *Evening Post* counted eighteen boys who were standing round the table, shouting, snapping their eyes, watching the revolving arrow, and yelling when it stopped." The holder of the winning number carried off six cents. There were half a dozen such tables. A policeman informed this reporter that there were 3000 boys and girls there the previous day, 5000 the day before that, and 100,000 on the preceding days. After all this the Catholics of New York city need never plead poverty as an excuse for raids on the public treasury. As to the morality of the gaming here described, there is but one opinion among sober citizens.

The Wesleyans of England are making active preparations for beginning the raising of their Thanksgiving Fund of £200,000. The formal opening was set down for City Road Chapel, London, last month, to be followed by meetings of a like kind in the other cities.

Mr. M'ALL, whose successful missions in Paris have already been noticed in this column, has gone to Lyons to open similar missions there. Preparations have been made for him in that city, and it is believed that the undertaking will succeed. In Paris the stations under his superintendence number twenty-two. Full congregations attend the services.

A note of the progress making in the South is the meeting of the first State Sunday-school Convention in North Carolina. This is one of the fruits of the International Convention held in Atlanta, April, 1878. The place selected was Raleigh, the time November 1 and 2. About one hundred delegates were present, representing six denominations of Christians. An executive committee of seven was appointed, and it was resolved to proceed at once to the work of organizing township and county conventions.

The language of the *Unità Cattolica* of Turin in regard to the entrance of the Catholics of Italy into politics in case universal suffrage is secured is much criticised by the papers of Europe. It should be stated that since 1859, when CAVOUR succeeded in uniting Italy, Italian Catholics have been directed to refuse recognition of the revolution in every possible way. Very few Catholic Deputies have appeared in Parliament. Doubt still remains of the opinion of the Vatican. "It is clear," says the London *Tablet*, "that it belongs to the Holy See alone to pronounce on the lawfulness of a Catholic taking his seat in Parliament, and also on the expediency of a general policy of action. Until such an opinion has been given, *action* is out of the question. But preparation and organization must precede action, and have been already sanctioned." It is sometimes denied that the Catholic Church in the United States influences the voting of its members: there can be no question that in Italy the Church expects to wield the votes of Catholics, and to use them to overthrow the united kingdom. Signor ZANARDELLI, the Home Minister, describes the new suffrage bill thus: It will "grant the suffrage to all males over twenty years of age who can read, write, cast accounts, and prove that they have a general acquaintance with the duties of a man and a citizen."

The good effect of the closing of public-houses on Sunday in Ireland has led to a call for measures to procure a similar law in England. There is an English association organized for this purpose, and its officers have issued an address, in which they ask for suggestions.

A new method has been invented of enjoying the emoluments of a church living in a state establishment. It is to drive the people away, so that the church may be shut up. The story is that in the diocese of St. Alban's a clergyman with a parish of 5000 persons and £1000 a year income speaks in such a low tone that very few can hear him. The service is condensed into the space of forty minutes. His parishioners claim that he is healthy and strong enough to make himself heard if he will, but that this course is pursued "for no other purpose than to drive people away, and so get an excuse for closing one of two churches, when both together afford inadequate accommodation for the population." Emptying a church by purposely being inaudible is an ingenious device.

The Southern Methodist Episcopal Church will report for 1878 forty thousand accessions to its roll of members. The increase in Georgia especially has been very great. It may be remarked of this State that the number of illiterates in it is steadily decreasing. In 1874 the number of persons between ten and eighteen years of age unable to read was reported to be 106,244; in 1878 the number so reported is 85,630.

It is very evident that commerce and exploration are supplying more openings for Christian missions than can be filled. With all the zeal of their promoters, it is found to be impossible as yet to meet the growing demand. The depressed condition of trade continues to be felt by this great charity. Thus the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church announces that toward a total appropriation of $476,477 for the year 1878–79, only $76,837 have been contributed in six months. This is less than has been paid in in that period since 1872. The policy of running into debt to meet the demands for the extension of mission work having so nearly proved disastrous to all the societies, they must for several years to come continue to retrench.

The recent consecration of the St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church of Charleston was a memorable occasion. This is a church of colored people, and has always held a high position, having been filled before the war largely with free people of color. All the white Episcopal clergymen of Charleston attended, with the exception of one who was ill. Bishop HOWE performed the consecration service. This church has been the occasion of a lively discussion in the Diocesan Convention, the Convention having so far refused to admit its delegates on an equal footing with other delegates.

The Christian Home for Intemperate Men in the upper part of New York has been, since its founding in 1877, so successful, that its enlargement is already considered desirable. So far it can accommodate thirty-five guests at one time. Each guest pays $10 per week for board, or if unable to pay, is charged at that rate, to be repaid after leaving the Home. The total annual expense is $6000. The following record of the inmates, so far received, is of great interest: 194 have professed to enter upon a Christian life; 26 have been dismissed. Of the 194 reclaimed, 145 have obtained positions in business; 43 only are known to have fallen. A meeting is held on each Saturday evening at the Home, and another under the direction of Mr. BUNTING, the superintendent, every Sunday evening, at the Park Theatre, Broadway.

Mr. FRANCIS MURPHY's work in the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, has resulted in the admission of fifty-six men, nearly all of previously intemperate habits, to the church as candidates for membership. Mr. MURPHY has gone to the Grand Union Hall, Seventh Avenue, near Thirty-fourth Street.

A missionary in the South Pacific has taken the unprecedented step of punishing cannibalism by an armed expedition. The Rev. GEORGE BROWN, of the Wesleyan body, has established a mission among the degraded people of New Britain. The natives have generally shown themselves to be very friendly. One of Mr. BROWN's assistants, a Feejeean, accompanied by two native teachers and another Feejeean, penetrated the interior, and finding encouragement, planted a new mission. They were all killed by the natives and eaten. Calling to his aid the whites in the island, Mr. BROWN conducted an expedition against the offenders, burned their villages, and recovered the bones of the missionaries. The cannibals have begged forgiveness, and have promised better behavior in future. The Australian papers commend the course taken by Mr. BROWN, unusual for a missionary as it is, and express the opinion that it will give the mission greater security in the future.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HE was a dramatist, and he tried to soften the heart of an obdurate critic. "How would you like it, now? You don't know what it is to be hissed." But the critic made answer, in his barbarity, "Just you put me in your next piece, and I soon shall know."

THE FARMER AND THE GYPSIES.—"Parson tells me, Sir," said a British farmer once, speaking of that extraordinary race of people, the gypsies, "that their origin is lost in the mists of iniquity; and I am bound to say I believe him, for greater rogues don't live."

He caught a cold, a horrid cold
  (They do who go a-fishin'),
And this accounts for what would else
  Have sent him to perdition.
For when a neighbor kindly asked,
  With voice as sweet as taffy,
"Did Java pleasant time?" he said,
  "Well, yes, a little coughy!"

A man in Calcutta who keeps cobras di capelli for sale has a standing notice to the effect that strangers are not allowed to handle his goods.

"My dear," said Mrs. Snodgrass, shuddering, "how do these awful men succeed in entering dead people's vaults?" "With skeleton keys, I presume," unfeelingly replied Mr. S.

OLD LADY (*to tourist, who is growling over his corns*). "An' do ye no try ony thing for them?"

TOURIST. "Oh yes, I've tried lots o' things."

OLD LADY. "Ye should gang to some o' thae cornopeans; maybe they could cure them for ye."

A very ugly woman, toying with a pug-dog in front of a café on the boulevard, said to Rusty, "Kiss me, and I will give you this piece of sugar." A street Arab passing by exclaimed, "Don't she ask a high price for her sugar?"

VERY CLEVER.—A contemporary is mean enough to expose the profession in this shameful way: "An editor's wife never goes through her husband's other trousers pockets to strike a package of love-letters. Editors are not like the wicked, unfaithful men of the world: editors rarely have other trousers."

A Kentucky paper remarks that the look of intelligence assumed by the young lawyer as he sits in court should be put a stop to. It is calculated to cause the presiding judge to lose confidence in himself—to make him believe he doesn't know any thing."

"Speaking of razors," said the obsequious barber, as he tendered change for a quarter, "I believe Adam and Eve were the first raisers; were they not?" The customer raised his Cain, and demanded to know if he was Abel to make another joke like that.

BY A HAMMER-TEUR JOKIST.—A certain Dr. Hammer advertises his ability to "instruct in German, French, Italian, and Spanish." This is decidedly a clear case of Hammer and *tongues*.

The upstart that rose to a point of order after sitting down upon the aggressive end of a pin was assured by the chair that the point was well taken.

CRUEL KINDNESS.—Poor Miss Elderberry! No one ever gave her credit for the least talent; and when, at a Christmas party, she really got through "The Valse des Mineurs-Canons" quite creditably, the praise was undoubtedly fervent. "No one will call her a wall-flower hereafter," said a friend, warmly. "Dear, no," rejoined Miss Twittersweet; "she is at least a *caterwaul-flower*."

THE GREATEST "GO" IN OPÉRA-BOUFFE.—"La Fille de Madame Angot."

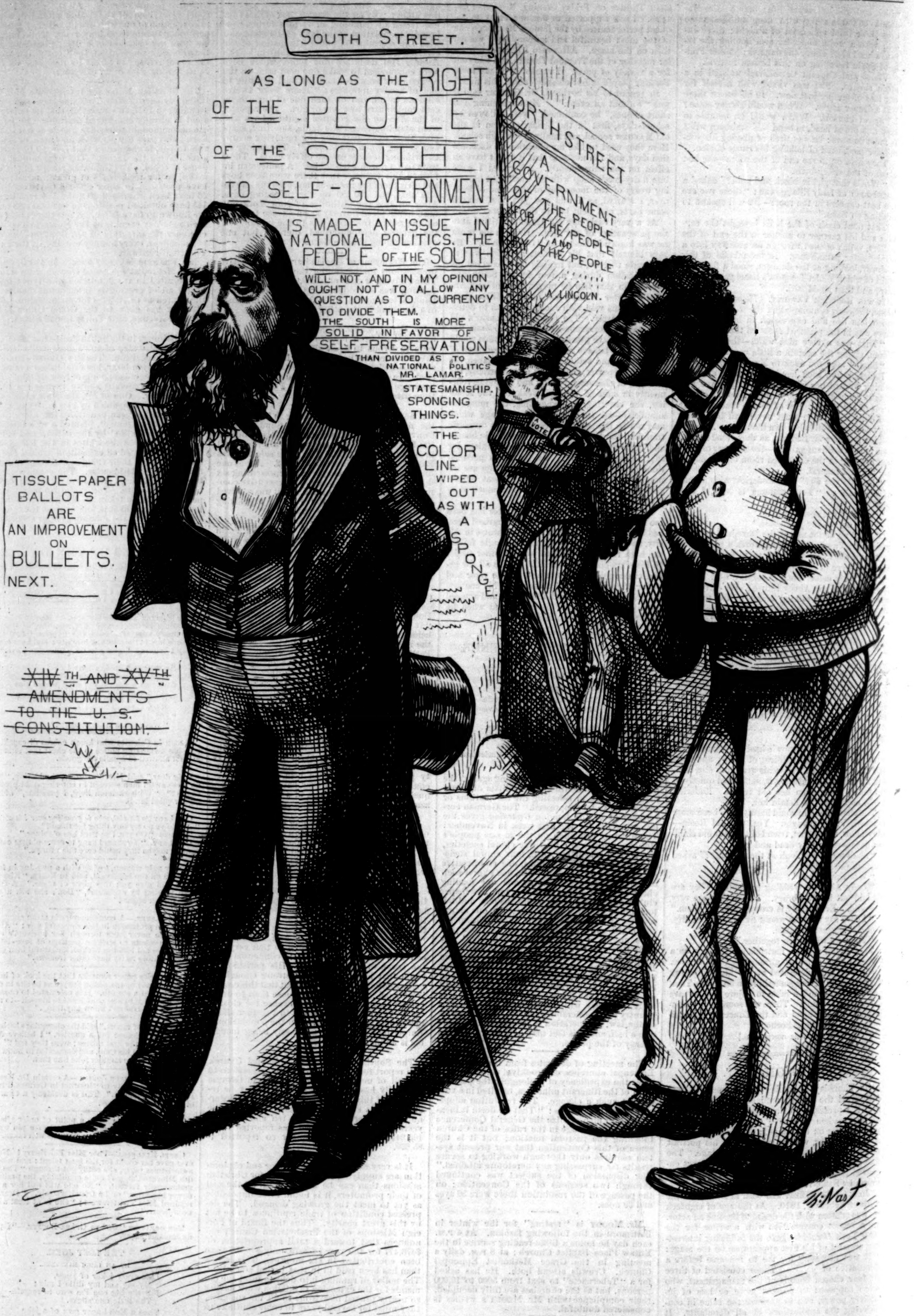
THE LOST JOKE.

BY AN IRISH MINSTREL.

Like every joker of jokes,
  My big and my little I mix;
But the big one I'm sure to forget—
  The little one sticks.

Thus a Koh-i-noor gem of a joke
  Came into my head in the night;
The darkness it fairly illumed,
  But fled with the light.

Now this is my wish: should a niche
  In the Temple of Fame be my lot,
May the joke I'm remembered by be
  The joke I forgot.


SOUTH STREET.
"AS LONG AS THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH TO SELF-GOVERNMENT IS MADE AN ISSUE IN NATIONAL POLITICS, THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH WILL NOT, AND IN MY OPINION OUGHT NOT TO ALLOW ANY QUESTION AS TO CURRENCY TO DIVIDE THEM. THE SOUTH IS MORE SOLID IN FAVOR OF SELF-PRESERVATION THAN DIVIDED AS TO NATIONAL POLITICS MR. LAMAR.
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THE COLOR LINE WIPED OUT AS WITH A SPONGE.
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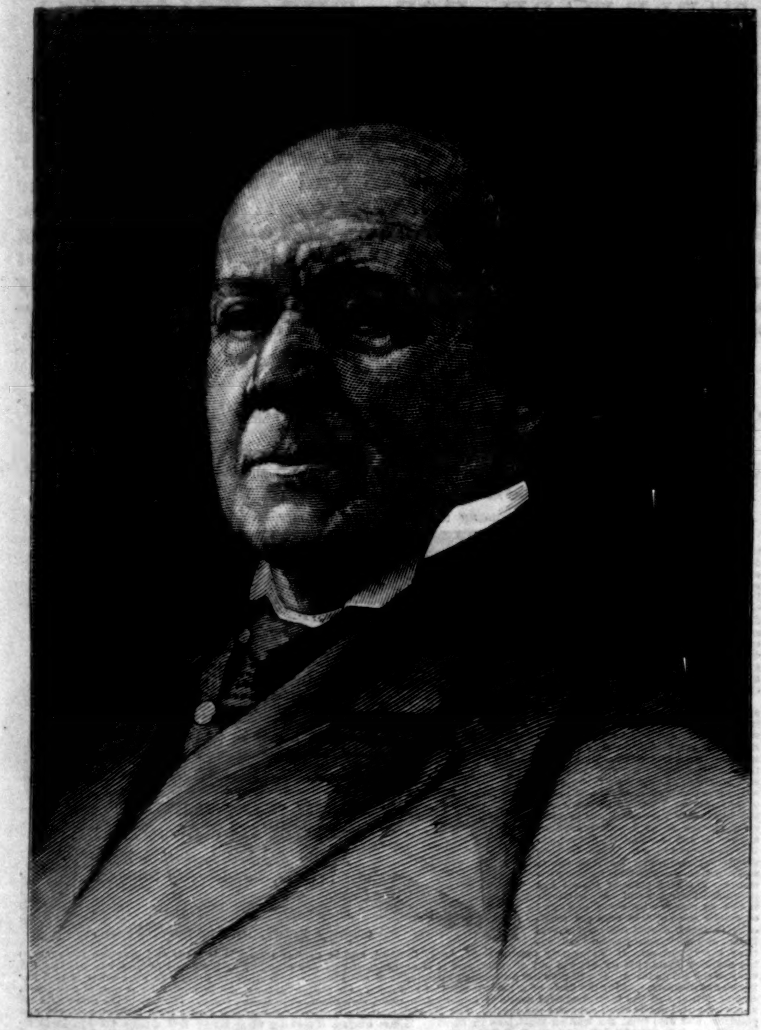
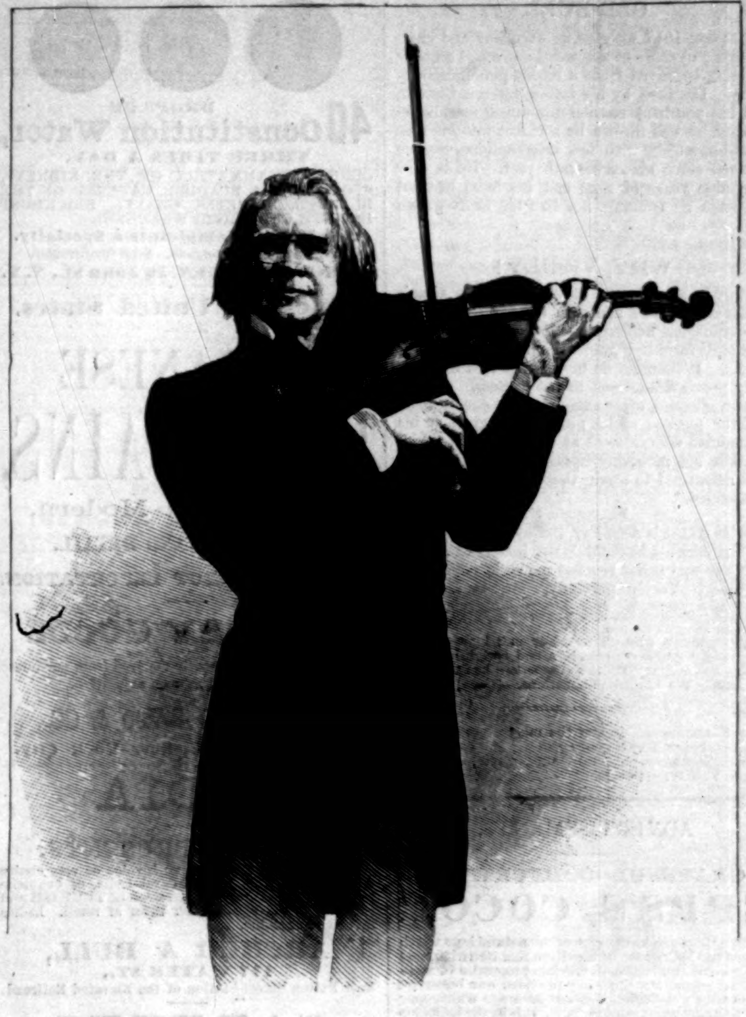
"POOR IGNORANT BLACK MAN" WANTS TO KNOW, AND YOU NOBLE WHITE GENTLEMAN DO TELL.

BLACK QUESTION. "Whom do you mean by the People?"
WHITE ANSWER. "How dare you wave the Bloody Shirt again?"
ECHO FROM A NATURALIZED FOREIGNER. "If Misther Lamar lived up our way, I would be afther showing him that *I am one* of the People!"



JOHN GILBERT.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 1015.]

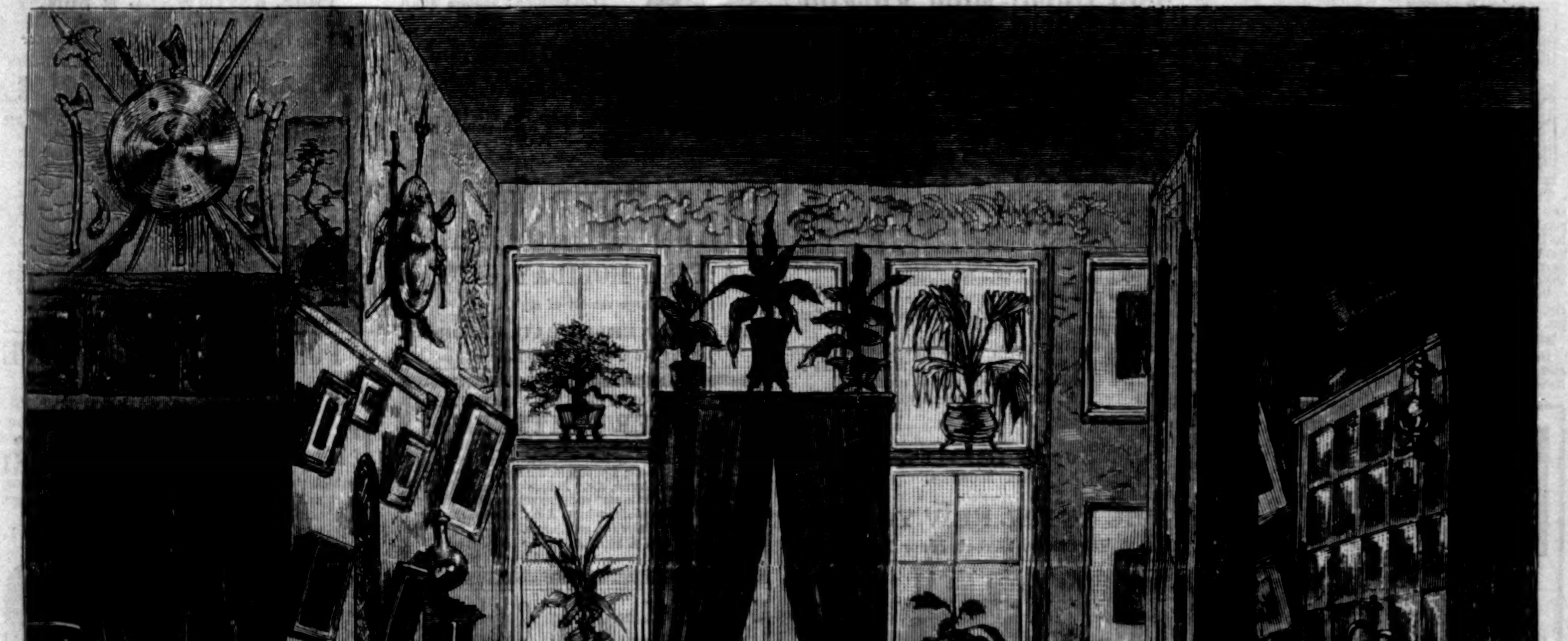


OLE BULL.—Photographed by Mora.—[See Page 1018.]

CHICAGO LOAN EXHIBITION.

The Ladies' Decorative Art Society of Chicago recently opened a fine Loan Exhibition, following the example of the parent society in this city. With a liberality deserving of the highest praise, the citizens of Chicago sent their art treasures to the exhibition rooms, and gave the public an opportunity to feast their eyes on paintings, sculptures, bronzes, embroideries, beautiful specimens of pottery and porcelain, and other objects of interest.

The society under whose auspices this exhibition is held was organized in May, 1877. It now numbers about 250 active members, and during the past year 234 pupils received instruction under teachers employed by the society. Several scholarships have been established for the benefit of those who can not afford to pay for instruction, and the number will probably be increased during the coming year. An art library is also in process of collection, which already includes a large number of works that illustrate the history and development of the fine arts. Receptions, courses of lectures, and the reading of essays on subjects connected with art are among the means adopted by the society to interest the public in the object which it was organized to promote. These efforts have been attended with great success, and have done much toward the extension of art knowledge and culture among the people of the West.



THE CHICAGO LOAN EXHIBITION.—[From a Sketch by G. Hitchcock.]

OLE BULL.

On page 1017 we give an excellent and characteristic likeness of this well-known and popular violinist, engraved from a recent photograph by Mora. Destined by his father for the Church, and his youthful passion for music sternly repressed, he was thrown by accident into his true vocation, which, with few interruptions, he has pursued since his eighteenth year. He is now sixty-nine years of age; and his hand has not forgotten its cunning, nor has his heart grown old.

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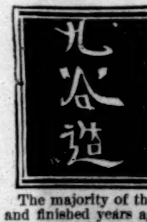

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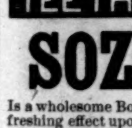

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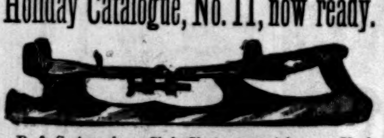

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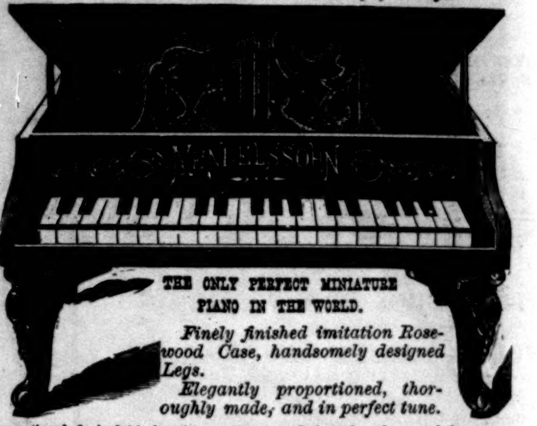

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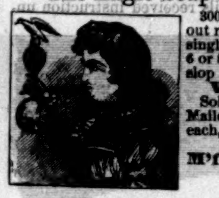

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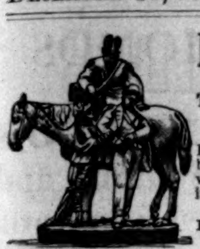

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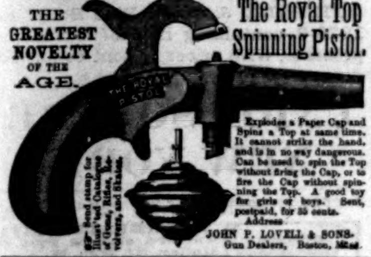

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A year ago The Tribune pointed out the danger to the tranquillity of the country, to the Treasury, the currency, and the National honor, from the alliance then forming between the Solid South and Tammany Hall. It declared that against this danger the old party of freedom, still the party of the Churches and the School-houses, was the only bulwark; and in behalf of that party it renewed the old appeal to the National conscience, and the enlightened self-interest of the tax-payers.

In all this events have justified it. The year has disclosed the danger The Tribune predicted, and brought the deliverance it promised. It now asks those who think well of what it did in this eventful year to help widen yet further its influence by increasing its circulation for the next. It labored to harmonize the Republican party; to divert Republicans from attacks upon each other to attacks upon the common enemy. It exposed Southern claims. It denounced the Southern suppression of the Negro vote. It resisted debasement of the currency. It endeavored to sustain the Treasury in advancing to specie payments. It strove to promote a practical reform in the Civil Service. It vindicated the legitimacy of the Republican Administration. It crushed assailants by demonstrating the infamous efforts of the Democratic leaders to buy the Presidency they had fairly lost at the polls. For these services a distinguished member of the Administration has declared that the Republican party and the country owe The Tribune a debt of gratitude so great that, despairing of full payment immediately, they must imitate the Treasury and fund it! Leading Republicans outside of, and even opposed to the Administration, are everywhere heartily expressing similar opinions.

The Tribune now warns the country that, inspiring as the late elections have been, they do not end the danger. The Democrats and the Greenbackers, if united, could have reversed the verdict. They may be united next time. They already have the Solid South to begin with, as well as the evidence of the control their union would give in many of the Western States. To prevent such a union from sweeping the country, we must keep the Republican party in the highest state of discipline and efficiency, and must educate the voters. If friends know any better agency for such political education than The Tribune, by all means use it; if not, they surely ought to make every effort to push The Tribune's circulation.

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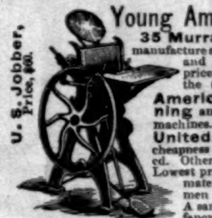
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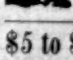

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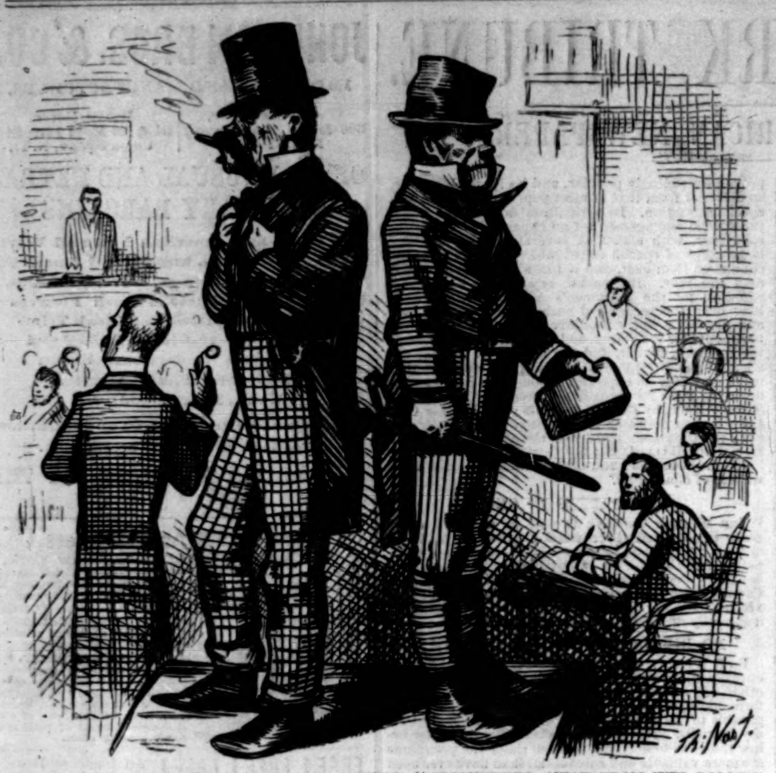

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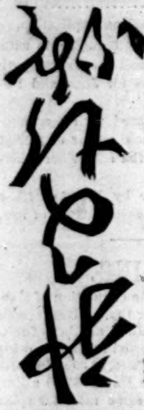

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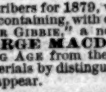

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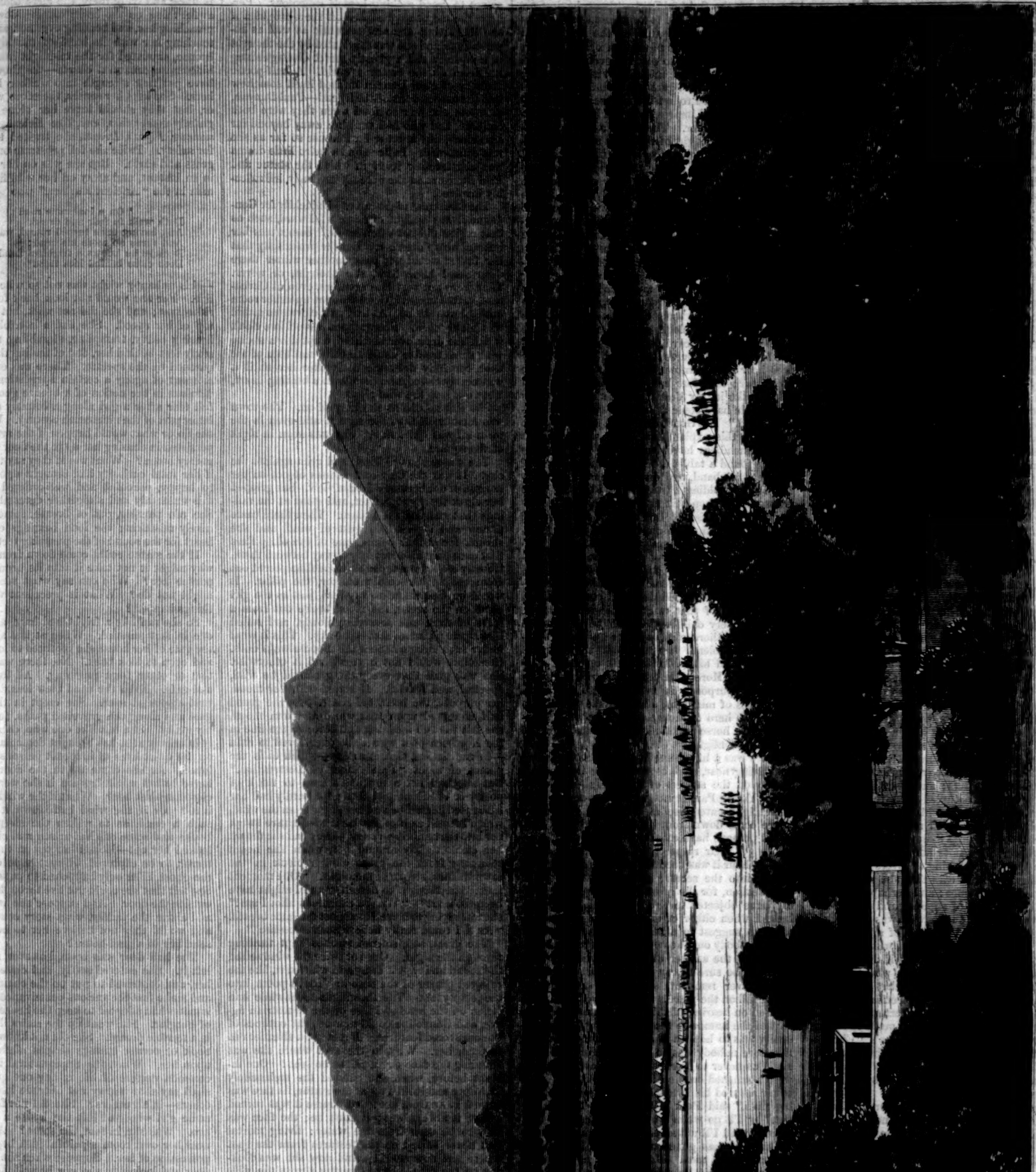


SOLOMON'S THRONE, THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN OF THE SULIMAN RANGE, ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER OF THE PUNJAB.

SOLOMON'S THRONE.

THE above engraving gives a view of the Damaun, or Border Land, which lies between the Suliman Mountains and the river Indus, and forms a portion of the British possessions in India. This tract formerly constituted a part of RUNJEET SINGH'S kingdom of Lahore, but was annexed by the English at the time of the Sikh war. With the exception of the small districts that are under cultivation, it presents in general the appearance of a plain of smooth hard clay, bare of grass, but sprinkled with bushes, tamarisks, and occasionally trees of a larger size. These seldom exceed the height of thirty feet, both soil and climate being unfavorable to their further growth. In place of the clay the surface in some parts consists of a loose and irreclaimable sand. The clay seems to be deposited by the waters either of the Indus or of the numerous small rivers which, during the season of the melting snow, stream down from the mountains. Where duly irrigated, it is very productive, and few countries are more fertile than the Derajat, or that portion of the plain which extends along the bank of the Indus. The Derajat abounds in towns and villages, among the more important of which are Dera Fati Khan, Dera Ghazee Khan, and Dera Ismael Khan. From a house-top in the latter place the view given in our engraving was obtained.

The western boundary of this plain is formed by the Suliman Mountains, which also constitute the dividing line between the British possessions and Afghanistan. They may be said to commence in latitude 33° 50′, and to extend due south in nearly the seventieth meridian of longitude for a distance of about 350 miles. They attain their greatest height in latitude 31° 55′, where the Takht-i-Suliman, or Solomon's Throne, which is seen in our picture, rises some 11,000 feet above the sea. Of its geological structure scarcely any thing is known. VIGNE only states that "it consists of recent formations, principally sandstone and secondary limestone, abounding in ammonites and other marine exuviæ, the strata being much shattered and contorted, and often overlaid by shingle." The eastern declivity of this range dips rather steeply to the valley of the Indus, giving rise to the water-courses already alluded to as watering the Derajat. The western slope, which extends to the desert table-lands of Sewestan, is much more gradual. It is remarkable that no stream rising in this range is known to reach the sea by any channel except the Kurum, which discharges a scanty volume of water into the Indus above Kala-Bagh.

THE COMMANDER'S STATUE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

MR. GRANGER ROTHWELL, Q.C., had taken a house for the winter near a little old-fashioned sea-coast town or village in one of the most beautiful of the southwestern counties. It is a county with a good deal of ancient Celtic ways still lingering among its population, more especially in the villages along the coast. Its peculiarities and its superstitions have been fed not a little by the occasional visits and settlements of fisher-folk from the coasts of France and Spain, who have for generations been in the habit of taking refuge there from troubles and conscriptions in their own countries. A French or Spanish family of fishermen, when they had been in the habit of visiting this little English village in the way of their business, found it natural and easy to remain there altogether if the condition of affairs at home rendered a return thither undesirable. This blending of a distinctly foreign element with the half-Saxon, half-Celtic character of the population gave special picturesqueness to the little town, and made it all the more delightful and dear to Mr. Rothwell's daughter.

Mr. Rothwell does not pay much attention to the Parliamentary bar now. He is a widower, with only this one daughter; he has money enough, and is not disposed to take much professional trouble on himself any more. He has some objects in life, however, as well as the care of his daughter. He is the author of those admirable essays on "Some Sources of the Fallacy of Human Evidence," the object of which was to show that all the superstitions and religious errors of humanity (including in the errors a good many beliefs which, nevertheless, some intelligent people do still cling to) are to be referred simply to the inaccuracies attending on humanity's ordinary way of reporting what it has seen or heard. Get any one into a witness-box, Mr. Rothwell argued, examine and cross-examine him carefully, and see what will come of the wonderful story about the warning, the dream, the phantom, the supernatural visitation, and all the rest of it. Mr. Rothwell would have settled Mohammed or Zoroaster in half an hour of cross-examination. All mortal error in the way of belief was merely a question of a slight and probably unintentional inaccuracy of statement as to time or place or expression on the part of somebody whom unfortunately nobody had had a chance of cross-examining.

Mr. Rothwell, in pursuing his theory, had to go very much into the history of superstitions and human belief in the supernatural. His library was full of books on demonology, witchcraft, ghosts, and other such subjects; and his talk was naturally a good deal occupied with these topics. The effect of all this upon his daughter was, unfortunately, rather to fill her mind with supernatural fancies and longings than to fortify it against their entrance. It is not found that the best way to keep a girl from thinking of lovers is to be always dinning into her ears that she must never believe in their existence; and perhaps the same thing will hold good of supernatural visitations. Besides, the name of our heroine was Gondoline, and Gondoline is also the name of a young lady in one of Kirke White's poems, of which our heroine's mother was very fond; and if there be any woman or girl in England now who has read Kirke White she will remember that his Gondoline is the central figure in a peculiarly ghastly ballad, all full of vague spectral terrors—a ballad which, if we remember rightly, is made the more awful by being left, like Coleridge's "Christabel," unfinished. Our Gondoline, therefore, always had a fancy that she, like that other Gondoline, was destined to have glimpses some time into the supernatural world.

Besides, she had been born and brought up in the place to which her father was now returning for a time. She had not seen the place since she was a child, but she had passed too many of her childish years among its superstitions and its odd ways not to carry some impression of them along with her. There was one peculiar legend connected with the town which always had a fascination for her. The town was built upon an estuary rather than upon the sea itself, and the newer part of its suburbs, where men like Mr. Rothwell lived, lay a little to landward. Between the town and the few villas of this suburb lay a solemn old square or inclosure looking somewhat like a disused cemetery. It was surrounded on three of its sides by iron railings, with here and there a huge pillar of heavy stone overgrown with grass and ivy and mould, and it was guarded on its fourth side by the waters of the estuary. A more mournful-looking spot it is not easy to imagine. No mortal could say what the use of it was. It lay off the high-road, out of the way of every thing. It was generally called "The Square;" but the idea of a square in connection with a town is that of a place where people live, or at all events walk; a place devoted to some purpose of business or relaxation or ornament; and this square had nothing to do with any such purpose. It had always been like that, the people of the town said, and like that it remained, and they seemed rather proud of it. In this square, not quite in the centre, but near to the water, stood an equestrian statue. It was life-size, on a pedestal raised a few feet above the ground. The statue was that of some king or soldier, with a sword in the right hand. No one knew or seemed to care who was the original of the statue or who was its sculptor. It was of some dark substance; admirers said it was bronze. Its costume was evidently modern, and Mr. Rothwell was convinced that it represented a noble personage connected with the town who had done some valorous deed in India, not farther off than the days of Warren Hastings. But in that little place antiquity came on as prematurely as mould in the damp cellar of a new house, and this might have been as old a monument as the horses on the Quirinal Hill without having acquired any higher title to veneration in the eyes of the folks around. One of the stories told most often to Gondoline when a child was that once a year, that is to say, on every Christmas night, when he heard midnight strike from the church clock, the figure dismounted from his horse and walked round the square. This story made a profound impression upon her; it charmed and terrified her. There was a fearful fascination in the thought of this inert statue suddenly becoming informed by a supernatural life, and descending to pace around that solemn inclosure within hearing of the melancholy surges of the sea. The legend went on to add that if at the time of his promenade the spectre statue were disturbed by a mortal voice he would never return to his place on the horse, and some terrible visitation would come on the town.

Mr. Rothwell had often explained to his daughter, even in her childhood, the obvious meaning of this absurd story. It was clearly made up by the parents of a past generation, he showed, to amuse and puzzle their children. "When the statue heard the clock strike he would come down; when he heard it, don't you see, Gondoline? Why, of course he would, for he never does hear it, you know; he is only a statue; he can't hear; therefore he never comes down; it's only a take in, my dear, that the silly servants and people have come at last to regard as a serious legend." But Gondoline found herself unable to accept this explanation. The writer of this story remembers having once seen in a country burial-ground a tablet erected by a mourning wife to a dead husband, and on the tablet was an angel in relief holding a trumpet, and beneath were the words, "When this trumpet shall sound, my husband will arise." But we can not suppose that the mourning widow intended by this ambiguous giving out to imply any doubt of her husband's resurrection. Poor soul, she was doubtless wholly unconscious, and so was her sculptor, of any absurdity in seeming to make the resurrection of the lamented deceased conditional on the sounding of that marble, voiceless trumpet. So in her very childhood Gondoline declined to believe that there was any mere quip or blunder in the solemn legend about the man on the horse and his midnight walk on the Christmas night. More than one Christmas night she lay awake purposely in her bed until she heard the chimes of midnight, and then she pictured to herself the hero dismounting solemnly and slowly from his horse and stalking majestically in the spectral moonlight.

There was a handsome boy, the son of a friend then living near, who used to share Gondoline's anxiety on the subject of this midnight apparition. Young Paul Duncan and she once planned a midnight enterprise at Christmas to see the statue come down from his high horse, and they would perhaps have carried it out, but that in order to get their respective hall doors opened at such an hour it was necessary to take some grown person into the secret; and this seemed out of the question, for the grown person would infallibly have objected to the expedition altogether. Indeed, when either of the two little people ventured to suggest to a believer in the apparition that somebody ought to go and see it some Christmas night, the answer always was that the visitor would be sure to cry out, and then the figure could never remount, and some sad calamity would fall on the place. Mr. Rothwell was much amused on hearing of this. Of course; this was part of the humor of the whole thing. Some calamity was to happen if any body made a noise; therefore nobody was to go; therefore the delusion was never to be exposed. Greater delusions were nourished on the same principle, the philosopher assured his listeners. "I'll go when I'm a big man," said Paul Duncan, "and I'll not cry out." "I'll go when I am a woman," said Gondoline, "and I'll not scream—if I can help it."

But time has gone on, and Paul Duncan has grown to be a man. He has entered the navy, and has risen to be a lieutenant, and Gondoline has not seen him for many years. She has heard of him occasionally as one perpetually wandering in foreign seas, and having had something to do with the Ashantee expedition, and having distinguished himself there; but he is almost as much a myth now to her as the hero on the horse in the old square. She has long left that place; she has been educated and has grown up; she has lost her mother; she lives under the care of her father's sister, an elderly Miss Rothwell; she has known one London season. She has been to the opera, and of all operas was most delighted in *Don Giovanni*, chiefly because of the statue of the Commander, and the Commander's descent from the horse, which brought back the dear days of her childhood and its one dreadful charming legend. Then it fell out that her father was advised to spend a winter in the southwest of England, and he chose to go back for the time to the old place which he had never visited since his wife's death. So Gondoline returned to the scenes of her childhood, and to all the awe and veneration for the old legend. She knew no people there now. Paul Duncan's family had only been temporary residents there, and were gone years ago. But the statue and the superstition remained. The statue, it must be owned, looked prosaic enough in the daylight; but so, doubtless, was the form of the grim Commander in *Don Giovanni;* and the little square seemed even more melancholy, decaying, and ghostly in reality than it had shown itself in our heroine's memory. The moment Gondoline returned to the place, she made up her mind to one thing. If Fate did not interpose and remove her from the land of the living before Christmas night she would be in that drear inclosure at midnight, and fix her eyes on that statue.

The Christmas time drew near. Gondoline breathed her determination to no one. In truth, she was not quite such a believer in the legend as not to dread making herself ridiculous. Perhaps she might have shaken off the whole idea if she liked; but she was romantic as well as superstitious, and she was fascinated by the thought of a mystery and a ghostly secret distinguishing her from all the common world. A half-poetic memory of Paul Duncan infused itself somehow into the associations of the legend—Paul Duncan, of whom she was so fond when they were both children, and who had vanished away beyond far seas since, like another La Pérouse so far as she was concerned. In her mind a weird little drama was constructing itself in which the statue and Paul Duncan and she were mysteriously, inextricably involved.

The Christmas night came. Unluckily for Gondoline it was a night of fierce wild wind, such as that region did not often know. Sometimes her heart almost failed her. But the probability that her father would not pass another winter there determined her. Now, she thought, or never. They were not very late revellers, even at Christmas, in that house. Gondoline sat up in her room until all was silent. At half past eleven no sound was heard below. She wrapped herself in a cloak which she drew over her head, crept down stairs, with much trouble undid all bolts and bars of the door, carefully drew the door after her until it was nearly closed, and then, with a beating heart, went out into the wild night.

She met no one as she hurried on. The town was farther off than the square, and even in the town all was quiet now. She was soon in sight of the square.

The statue showed black and grim against the sky. It was the only conspicuous object on the horizon of our heroine's field of view. She gripped her cloak tightly round her, and stood at the railings that guarded the square. Then there came a new and tremendous gust of wind, and she shrunk for shelter behind one of the old pillars that once bore up a stately gateway between them. Ghostly looked the moon as Gondoline peered out from behind her cold protector, the pillar. It would be superfluous to say that, just as the girl came on the scene, the moon broke out from a mass of dark and scurrying clouds, and sailed like a pale phantom across the sky. This is what under such circumstances the moon always does. Gondoline would not have wished it otherwise. She was glad that every thing should be wild, spectral, and fearful. It suited with her mood, her purpose, the hour, the scene. As she gazed half unnerved upon that white and wan moon, she felt the full meaning and force of the line in the Northern poet whom she once loved to read —in translation, that is to say—which calls the planet of night "Pale Angel of Destruction." But she had not a moment's time to think of poetry or of moons just then; for hardly had she ensconced herself behind her pillar from the wind, which seemed as if otherwise it would have swept her into the tumbling waters, hardly had she drawn her cloak tightly around her, when she heard sounding from the great church clock in the town the first stroke of midnight. "One moment later," she thought to herself, "and I might have been too late!" "What a ridiculous idiot I am!" she was saying to herself in almost the same breath. "As if I could really believe such nonsense!"

The great, sad, solemn strokes kept thrilling through the night. Once or twice the wind seized the sound and rapt it away and whirled it, like the rejected prayer of the hero in Virgil's poem, into the empty air. The moonlight meanwhile had fallen on the head and face of the equestrian figure, and Gondoline could now see the outlines of the uncovered features. But stop! a shudder ran through her. Why, in the spot where she was standing the face ought not to be seen! One instant before, when she entered the melancholy inclosure and looked up at the statue, its face was turned away from her! Of course it was turned away; it always was; it must be; the face was only to be seen from the water: living mortal had never looked on the features from the spot where she now stood! And now she was looking on the face. It was gazing across the wide inclosure in her direction; she could see the features, mustache; she could see—she knew she could—pale, gleaming, spectral eyes!

Our heroine was a brave little creature, full of curiosity and full of romance, both conditions equally tending to make a girl keep up her courage and behave pluckily under new and trying circumstances. Yet when she became convinced at first that she was looking at the face of the statue, it did seem to her as if her senses were about to leave her. Was she doomed to see a supernatural apparition, or was she going mad, and in her madness seeing sights which only disorder sees?

What length of time this division of thought occupied in her mind may be understood from the fact that the clock was still striking its twelve strokes. As the last stroke rang out solemnly through the wind-scourged heaven, the astounded girl saw the statue fling its sword-arm as if vauntingly aloft and flourish its sword in the air. If she stood there, she saw it! And then, its face still turned toward the place where she was cowering, the statue began to throw itself from its saddle. She saw the Thing throw one leg over the side of the horse, just as a living soldier might do, and—horror of horrors!—it was about to leap to the ground not far from where she stood. This was more than nerves of steel could bear; romance had no strengthening spell to bid a girl endure such sights. We are not ashamed to say that Gondoline gave vent to her horror in a wild scream that rang through all the place, and that she turned and ran from the spot. She ought to have fainted, perhaps, and lain on the damp cold grass, and been found there, pale, chilled, and lifeless, by some stranger who would afterward have turned out to be a lover; or she ought to have fallen there, and been found a corpse in the gray morning. But she was, after all, too healthy and strong to faint; and as for fainting and lying there, the mere thought of the awful thing on the horse coming down and approaching her, and bending over her, and perhaps touching her with its hand of mouldy, mildewy bronze, animated for the midnight hour by some hideous supernatural charm—the thought would have put new strength into weaker limbs than hers. She kept her senses, therefore, well together, lest they should leave her alone with that ghastly companion, and, like Helena in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, she trusted to her legs for safety. Twice she fell prostrate on the damp grass and earth. But she was on her feet again in an instant, and away on her wild flight. The man in the "Ancient Mariner," who

> "On a lonesome road
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> And having once turned round, walks on,
> And turns no more his head;
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread"

—this unhappy wight was not so wise as Gondoline. For she would not look back for any consideration; and she did not walk, but ran at the top of her speed. She had a horrible dread of hearing heavy, trampling, stumbling metallic or stony feet behind her, and of finding that she was pursued by the spectre. There was even in that moment of agony a certain suggestion of the ridiculous in the notion of a bronze ghost running full tear after a girl along a country road in the latter part of the nineteenth century. What could she do or what would happen if the armed goblin persisted in chasing her up to the door of her temporary home? What would they say to her there if her fatal curiosity had brought upon a hitherto happy, peaceful, and well-ordered household this unearthly and altogether detestable visitor? She ran panting, out of breath, sometimes positively mistaking the loud beatings of her own heart for the sound of the pursuing feet of bronze.

If the statue could come down from its horse, why might it not take it into its bronze head to pursue her? Who can say what such a statue might not do? What is precedent where such things happen?

So she ran like a frightened hare, although no one in fact pursued. When at last she reached the gate of her house she ventured to look around, and even to look back. No, there was no phantom or other form pursuing. All looked quiet and safe. Even the wind blew less fiercely near that sheltered spot. She crept in through the gate and along the gravelled paths, feeling terribly guilty. She felt like one who, dabbling rashly in unholy arts, has brought demoniac visitation on the quiet lives of innocent persons whom she loved. As she came up to the door she asked herself what would happen if she were to find it closed against her? What if the wind had blown it to? Or if the wind had blown it open with such a crash as to waken the sleepers in the house, and some one had arisen and closed it and locked her out—locked her out in that night of terror, to be captured, without hope of help, by the ghost, if he only happened to pass that way? She felt that she could not live through that night outside the door. And suppose she had to knock and alarm the family, what story could she tell; and would they not believe her to be mad, and send her to a mad-house?

The hall door was open, however, as she had left it. She entered softly, and closed it behind her, and contrived to put up the chains and bars and make fast the various contrivances which the inmates had adopted to keep the house from harm of burglar. She went up the stairs like one still in a terrible dream. She did not know from what nook or corner strange shapes might start out upon her. When the Supernatural invades our common routine of life in any one quarter, who shall say that it may not obtrude itself in some others—in all others? She did not feel like the same girl who had left the house a short hour ago. Was she, in fact, the same? As she came near her own room a painful idea began to take possession of her. Suppose when she opened the door and looked in she saw herself, another self, lying quietly asleep in her bed? She had read of such things. She had read of phantoms assuming the shape of the living, and making fearful confusion in all the relations of the living to their fellows. Nor in such a case did she feel quite assured as to her own conviction of identity. She was so perturbed and puzzled by all that had happened that if a form like hers had shown itself in her room, and claimed to be the real Gondoline, she could hardly have disputed the point with much assurance of making out her case.

Possessed with this fantastic terror, she actually paused for some moments at the door with the handle in her hand, afraid to look in. At last she opened the door, and found that at least no trial awaited her there. All looked just as she had left it. There was no supernatural, sub-natural, natural, or other girl there to dispute her right of possession. The light was burning; her book was lying open where she had put it down unread. She got new courage from the quiet, orderly, commonplace look of every thing. The supernatural seemed as far off and impossible as ever when she had settled herself comfortably into this pleasant, healthy little nest. In a few moments she was undressed and in bed; and at last, after many startings and alarms and sudden wakings out of short perturbed slumbers, and much shivering and penitence and some hysterical tears, she actually fell asleep.

When she woke in the morning the sun was bright, and there were sounds of life and movement every where through the house. The fierce winds of the night had died away. The trees which she could see through the window from her bed were not even tossing their branches. Gondoline awoke with an intense feeling of relief. She felt as bright and happy as one who has shaken off some terribly realistic and yet fantastic dream. Every thing seemed so gladsome and natural all around her, that it was not possible to think of supernatural horrors. She was for a moment or two inclined to believe that the whole adventure of the night had only been an uneasy dream. But when she rose and began to look around the room, and saw the dress and cloak she had worn all stained with the mud of the road where she had fallen in her flight, then she found all the reality and the fearful unreality of the midnight adventure coming back upon her; and the melancholy conviction filled her mind that she had somehow contrived to open for herself the awful gates of the Supernatural, which, once flung apart, it is not easy for mortal to close again.

When her maid came in to help her to dress, it must have been plain to any one that the young woman had some piece of news of more than common import to tell.

"What is it, Sarah?" our heroine asked, feeling that some such invitation was expected of her.

"Oh, miss, do you know what has happened? It was in the night. Do you know the man on horseback—the statue?"

"Yes, yes, Sarah; what about it?"

"Fallen down, miss, in the night! Fallen off the horse!"

Gondoline sat down in sheer agitation.

"Go on, Sarah," she said; and she controlled her emotions as well as she could.

"Well, miss, what I hear is this: there were some men sent into the square to-day to see if any of the trees had come to harm in the storm last night, and the first thing they saw when they got into the place was the statue lying on the ground."

"On which side was it lying, Sarah?" Gondoline had acquired a desperate kind of calmness now, as became one who was evidently forced into communication with the world of spirits, and who, therefore, must be supposed to have nerves beyond those of common mortals.

"On the side as you go in from here, I'm told, miss."

"The side away from the water?"

"Yes, miss."

Of course. She might have known it. On that side it was that she saw the figure dismounting. Always she had heard that if the voice of mortal disturbed the statue, he would never be able to remount his steed. It was her scream that had disturbed him; and the spell was broken, and he fell to the ground an inert lump of bronze or some such unethereal substance. For the moment he had been animated by a magical, mysterious life—a life not of mortals, but of some sphere that mortals know not of—and then the shriek of woman disturbed him; and the weird life was banished from his artificial form, and he became stolid clay or metal again. The old legend had proved true; the old prophecy that wise people laughed at was fulfilled; the childish tale was approved a terrible reality. What might not happen, since this had happened?

"They say it's unlucky, miss," the voluble Sarah went on, delighting, as is the wont of her class, in any prospect of general misfortune—"they say it will bring bad times upon the place."

"I suppose so, Sarah," her mistress answered, wearily; "I can well believe it. Destiny has marked some beings for strange misfortunes."

When Gondoline thus spoke of beings fated for strange chances, she was not, it seems needless to say, thinking of the neighbors around. She was thinking of herself. Her destiny was linked in some mysterious way with that of the enchanted horseman. She, of all human beings, had alone been privileged or fated to see him move. She had seen his face. It was pallid, dark, handsome, full of a weird and spectral beauty—a beauty not of this earth, she thought. His face was turned toward her as he prepared to descend, she felt certain, although she could not say that she saw the spectral eyes clearly enough to know whether they were aware of her presence. How if he was coming toward her? how if he were a spectral lover? She had heard of such things in stories that people, and she too once, laughed at. Was she prepared to laugh at such things any more, seeing what she had seen?

On the whole, she was not made unhappy by what had happened. She felt a certain pride in it. She was not like ordinary girls who pass through a commonplace, well-ordered life. Hers was a strange—indeed, perhaps, unique—destiny. She was sad but proud. For what might come next, be it what it would, she was well prepared. The face of the mysterious figure dwelt with her—would dwell with her always, she was well assured. So handsome, so dark, with such a noble expression, such a very picturesque mustache! She could never forget that face. It should live in her dreams and her waking thoughts forever. She would never have a lover—that is, an earthly lover. Of course she would never get married. Marriage might suit other girls. Her destiny was a different one, assigned by stranger fates.

The household was all full of the news. The statue had indeed been found prostrate, as Sarah had reported. When the men went into the gloomy little inclosure with the first dawn, the figure was down; there, in the twilight cold and gray, lifeless but beautiful he lay. There was no accounting for the fact, except, of course, that the wind had blown him down. This, perhaps, did not seem a very unreasonable way of explaining the hero's fall. But then why should he have fallen on that particular night, that Christmas night, and not on any other? Why not have fallen on Easter-Sunday night, or on Lady-day? To be sure, it might be said that none of these particular occasions may have been furnished with a gale of wind strong enough to dismount the hero. But there had been windy nights before that, and why did not the statue fall on any of those nights? True it is, as chilling Reason would interpose to say, that a statue or any other object that falls must begin falling some time, and its having weathered the gale of a year ago does not conclusively prove that magic must be at work if it yields to the gale of this year. The fact remained that the old legend had always connected the fall of the statue somehow with a Christmas night; and lo! on a Christmas night had he fallen.

Gondoline smiled a sad, superior smile as she listened to all this. She was amused and amazed at the narrowed intellects, the dull prosaic minds, of average human beings. Here were people persisting in finding something profoundly mysterious in the fall of this statue on the Christmas night, and they never thought of asking whether the rest of the legend might not have been fulfilled. No one appeared to suggest that the whole of the story might be true, and that the statue, trying to descend, had been disturbed by the cry of mortal alarm, and had found the vivifying spell suddenly broken, and so became a lifeless mass. None thought of asking "had a mortal been on the spot at the time;" none thought of asking who the mortal might have been.

The little inclosure by the water was crowded all the day. In its centre, prostrate, prone, lay the hero of the hour. At least there lay as much of him as had heroically held together during his fall. One foot and part of the leg to which it belonged had remained in the stirrup—the leg on the landward side of the statue. Evidently, on our heroine's theory of the supernatural possession of the figure, it was just when the other leg was out of the stirrup that the cry of terror in a mortal voice reached his ears; and the supernatural life vanished, and so much of the form as had been loosed from the saddle came to earth, the rest remaining behind. It did not seem a very heroic form, now that it lay on earth. It was not, in fact, a bronze statue at all, but only a figment of some kind of plaster covered with thin metallic casing. Lying prone, with its limbs in proper equestrian attitude, it looked to the common eye a somewhat ridiculous form. Its face was bedded in the green turf at first, and when it was raised, the features were found to be considerably disfigured and battered, so that our heroine could not recall much of that wondrous beauty which she had seen the night before. That mattered little to her. The face she had seen was photographed on her mind and memory forever. But it pained her not a little to hear the irreverent remarks of a thoughtless few who could see nothing on the ground beneath their eyes but a battered and trumpery old image, something like a ship's figure-head which has stood out against many seas. She heard a pretty lady-like girl speak of it as "an old guy." She did not like that girl.

Mr. Rothwell was greatly interested in the whole affair. He set himself at once to criticise all the various theories of the fall of the statue, and to cross-examine every body who had a suggestion to offer, or who ought to have been, according to his view of the matter, in a position to tender some explanation. He was particularly pressing in his questions to those who lived nearest to the place. No one lived very near; but Mr. Rothwell contended that some of the neighbors lived quite near enough to have heard some sound as the statue fell to the earth. He thought that, as Octavius says of the fall of Antony, the breaking of so great a thing should make a greater crack. Our heroine only smiled to herself. She knew better. No crash whatever had accompanied that supernatural descent. She had ears for all sounds as she ran from the square that night, and no echo of a thunderous fall had pursued her in her flight. That was what one might call the natural part of the supernatural. Of course an ordinary statue must have made a great sound in coming to earth, but this came down like falling snow. There were, indeed, some of the residents near who did say that they heard, above all the roar of the wind, a heavy sound in the night as of some falling body of unusual ponderosity. But the evidence of those persons was tainted by two defects. First, each of them—they were not many—was just on the point of calling the attention of wife or husband, as the case might be, to the fact, but for some reason or other refrained from so doing, and said nothing about it. Next, each of those who professed to have heard any noise at all was clear that the time of its hearing was long before midnight. One or two were particular about the hour, because they insisted they were not in bed when they heard the sound, and that they were never out of bed after twelve o'clock in their lives. But no one had looked at a clock on hearing the sound, or taken any precise note of the time. They were, in truth, rather a lazy and easy-going people, not much given to taking heed of precise hours. "We count time by heart-throbs," says a poet who was once a celebrity, "not by figures on a dial." The people of this quiet place had but few heart-throbs, and therefore could not well keep time in that poetic way; and it would have been a trying heart-throb to most of them to have to trouble about figures on a dial.

"Just observe this, my dear," said Mr. Rothwell, who rarely lost an opportunity of impressing on any intelligent mind some lesson as to the weakness and uncertainty of popular testimony, "it is curious to see how in these cases, where all depends on exactness of time, perhaps as to a second of time, none of this kind of people ever know any thing about it. Considering that there is this ridiculous old legend about this statue and its destined fall at midnight on the Christmas, it would, at all events, be interesting to know that it had fallen at the exact hour. But, you see, nobody knows; or if they do know, they give you the most ridiculous reasons for their opinion. I suspect the truth is that they are a silly, superstitious set who really fancy that some misfortune will fall on them if the old legend has come true; and they want to make out at all cost that the statue came down before midnight."

There was nothing more to be got out of the people there. Mr. Rothwell turned away, our heroine leaning on his arm. The short winter day was falling. The gray dusk was setting in; the sky was melancholy; the water was of a leaden hue; the whole aspect of the place seemed to the girl uncanny. She was glad to go away and think over things for herself. She did not like the unpoetic cross-examinations; she was not pleased with the sight of the fallen figure and the hearing of the comments that were made on it. They seemed to her out of harmony with the poetic melancholy of the scene, the sky, the water, to speak of nothing else. As she left the place she was almost inclined to believe that she must have dreamed all that she thought she saw in the night. It seemed absurd to associate any thing of the supernatural with that clumsy old image on which such jesting comments were made, and about which such a rationalistic cross-examination had taken place. Yet surely she could not doubt the clear evidence of her own eyes and ears.

As they were leaving the inclosure, Gondoline turned back for one other glance at the scene, and perhaps at the fallen statue, and a cry rose to her lips. "If I stand here, I *see* him," she might have said; for there, leaning with easy and yet stately grace against the still erect pedestal on which the horse stood also erect, there, with his back to the sea, and gazing thoughtfully down upon the figure, stood the being she had seen in the night. It was he; pale, dark, with the mustache she had so clearly seen, with the sad and majestic expression; there he was, the form that had descended from his saddle when the midnight hour had ceased to strike.

Mr. Rothwell could not avoid hearing her little startled cry.

"What is the matter, Gondoline?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Who is *that?*" she asked.

"Which, my dear—who?"

"That—that—stranger—standing near the horse—just opposite to us." She did not at first know what to call the intruder; it seemed absurd to say "that man;" still more absurd to say "that gentleman" or "that person." Happily, in her confusion, a wave of inspiration brought the in every way suitable word "stranger."

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Mr. Rothwell. "Is he a stranger, I wonder? He looks a handsome fellow. Did you think you had seen him somewhere before?"

"I *have* seen him somewhere before," said the girl, solemnly.

"Let us go back," Mr. Rothwell said, delighted to have a chance of talking to any body new. They turned; Gondoline, indeed, with an agitated mixture of fear, longing, and curiosity, and also with a conviction that the stranger would not wait their coming. Her expectation proved right. Some two or three groups of persons were coming out of the square as they were returning to it; and the contending politeness of Mr. Rothwell and some of those whom they met interposed a momentary delay. When they reached the place again, the stranger was no longer there. He had gone out on the water side, and, to use the phrase most proper to the mood of at least one person there, he had disappeared. She knew it would be so; she felt it foretold to her that he would not await her coming.

Mr. Rothwell, of course, asked some questions about the mysterious personage. He had come in suddenly, some persons told him, and he went away suddenly also. He spoke "scornful like," one man said, about the suggested explanation that the wind had thrown down the figure. "I should think he did," our heroine said to herself. Nobody knew who he was. "I should think not," the girl murmured. "And yet it seems to me as if I had seen his face before," one man added.

"You have seen his face before," she said to her own soul.

Mr. Rothwell and his daughter returned to London when the season drew near. The statue was not restored to its old place. With a quiet acceptance of established facts entirely characteristic of them, the people of the town suffered it to lie where it fell, and there to accumulate new legends around it suitable to its altered position. No very particular misfortune fell on the town; but of course there were sicknesses and deaths, there were storms and wrecks; and whenever any thing of this kind happened, although it were only such as had been happening every year, it was set down to the account of the fallen statue.

In Gondoline's mind, however, there was less chance now than ever of the statue being forgotten. For one night, as she was in the thick of a London evening party, her aunt, Miss Rothwell, came to her and told her that an old friend, Paul Duncan, was anxious to renew his acquaintance with her; and Gondoline, looking up, saw before her the living form of the mysterious statue—not, indeed, as it appeared fallen, ignominious, and prosaic, but as she saw it on the one memorable night. There could be no mistake; the same pale face, the same dark complexion, the same mustache, the same eyes, as she saw them on the wild wan midnight of that Christmas. From that moment Gondoline felt that a mysterious Fate united their destinies. She did not, indeed, fancy that the supernatural figure and the handsome young seaman were one; but the fact that the figure had been made to wear in her eyes the very features of Paul Duncan showed that Fate had resolved to throw some mystic band around them, dividing their destinies from those of others. Perhaps Mr. Rothwell might have explained all this by arguing that even from her childhood Gondoline had been in love with Paul Duncan; that she had always been thinking of him; and that thus and not otherwise had she come to fancy she saw his likeness in an old image, which assuredly bore no resemblance whatever to him that other and ordinary eyes could see. Gondoline would have answered such reasoning by asking how she could have known the face of Paul Duncan, the grown man, before she had ever seen it; how she could have identified it with the face of the statue when she had not an opportunity of knowing what it was like? Mr. Rothwell would doubtless have said that the imagined likeness was all an after-thought—but to what avail to pursue such a discussion? Gondoline had as yet carefully avoided speaking to Paul Duncan about her weird adventure. She feared it might make him uneasy; might make him think some strange spell was wound around his life; perhaps put him in fear of an early death. She cherished in secret her conviction that Fate and metaphysical aid had combined to work out her life's romance. So much of the romance went on to happy fulfillment that it was soon acknowledged by each of the young people that they were very much in love one with another; and the relations on both sides agreed that there was no reason whatever why they should not be married.

Paul Duncan was to give up the sea, to coil up his hopes and cast anchor on shore, as, if we remember rightly, the bold smuggler Will Watch of our childhood made up his mind to do a little too late. Our pair were married in due time, and went to spend their first month of married life in the place where Gondoline was born. This was her especial stipulation.

So, on a soft evening in early autumn, Gondoline and her young husband stood together in the old square. She had brought him thither purposely; it was a sacred and a fateful place for her, and she felt that now they were married it was her duty to tell him all.

The horse stood on his pedestal as before. The hero who had once held so brave a place in the saddle lay face downward on the earth. Gondoline looked with eyes of deep emotion into her husband's face.

"What memories we have clinging to this place and that statue!" she said, in a low tone.

"Yes, haven't we?" Paul answered, eagerly, but without any thing of the weird or mysterious in his manner. "Don't you remember when we were children how we used to believe in the old story about it, and we wanted to stay up some Christmas night and see if the old fellow would come down from his horse?"

"Have you no faith in that story?" Gondoline gravely asked, in the voice of one who has convictions that may not well be overborne.

"Why, no, darling; of course I have none; nor you, I suppose, Gondoline?"

"I have had strange experience connected with that statue," Gondoline said, solemnly.

"And so have I," Paul answered, with a laugh.

"I *did* come here one Christmas night," she said.

"And so did I!" Paul exclaimed, in some wonder.

"You too! Oh, Paul, this *is* strange! Tell me all."

"Well, it isn't much," he said, with a laugh, "and it's rather ridiculous. Our vessel put into the port yonder last Christmas-day, because of the gale, and I thought I'd like to see the old place, so I came over in the night. I remembered all about you and me and the old statue, and I thought I'd like to come at midnight for the sake of all the memories. So I came a little before twelve o'clock, thinking of you all the time; and when I got here I found that the wind had unhorsed the poor old figure. I couldn't help thinking of our old story; and—I don't know why—I got up on the horse and sat there until twelve o'clock struck, and then I flourished my sword, and was about descending in grand melodramatic style, when I heard a scream from a woman's voice; and I began to be afraid I should rouse the entire place, and be accused of having thrown down the old statue and committed sacrilege, perhaps, or what not; so I got away as quickly as I could. I ran over next day to see how things were looking, and I found that no one seemed to know any thing about my feat of midnight horsemanship; and we sailed that evening: and that's all, love."

"Then it was you," Gondoline exclaimed, "I saw on the horse that night—you yourself, Paul?"

"*You* saw? Then were you here? Was it you who gave the scream I heard? Was it from you I was running away?"

"And from you I was running away," Gondoline said, a little ashamed now of her mysterious adventure, but not sorry, perhaps, to be relieved from the bonds of her union with the supernatural world. Then she told him the whole story, and they laughed long at it, but prudently agreed to keep it to themselves, lest others too might laugh.

"The only thing," Gondoline said, as they were turning away from the enchanted inclosure, "that disappoints me is that now there seems no mysterious bond of Fate drawing you and me together."

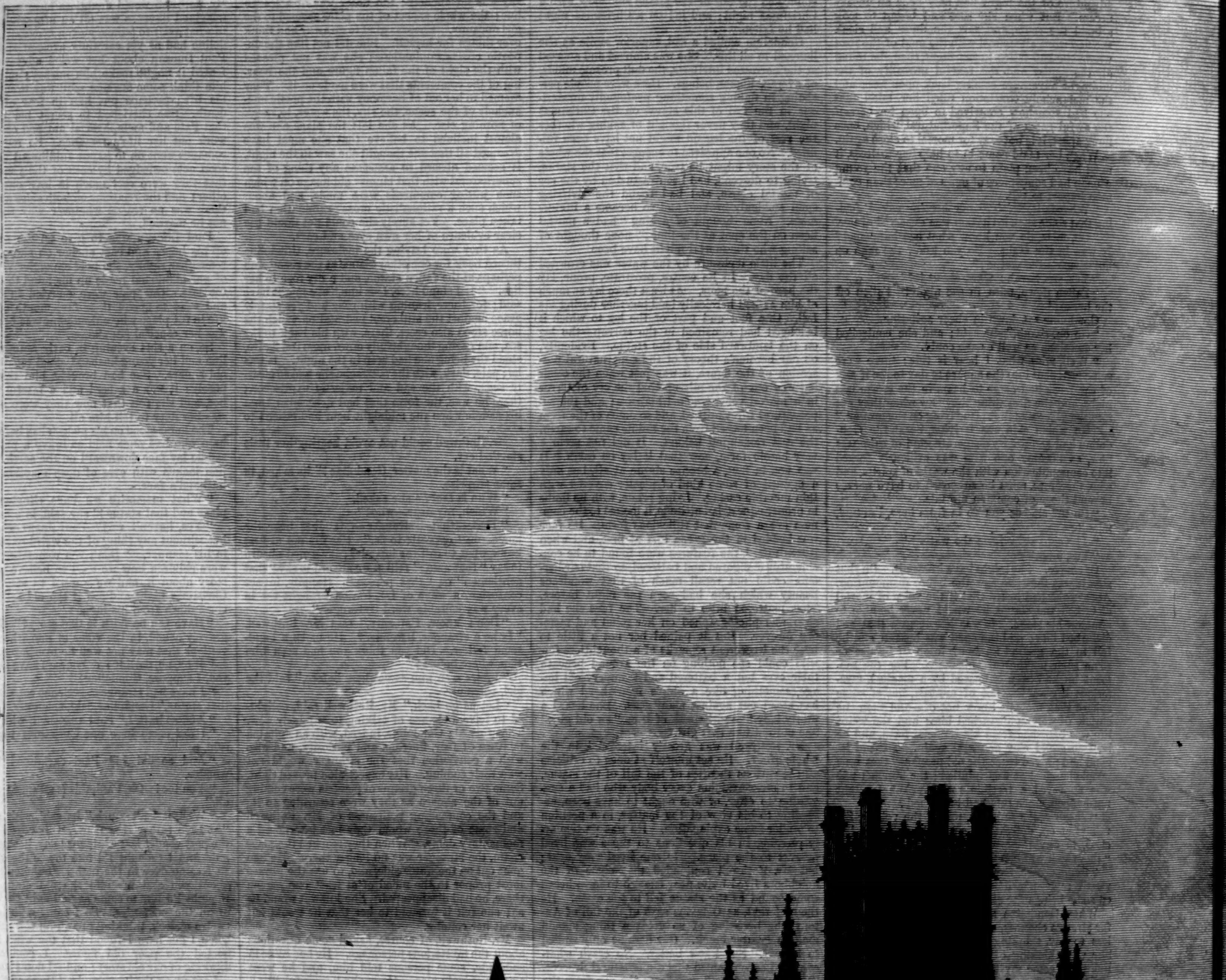
"Oh, but I don't think so," he argued, earnestly. "What could be more strange than the chance that threw me ashore here that very night; that brought you here from London, and me from China—brought us both to this place for the first time since we were children; and brought us here together alone, and each thinking of the other, each not knowing where the other was, or whether we should ever meet again; each—"

"Each running away from the other," Gondoline said, laughing. "Yes, I suppose there was mysterious destiny enough in that to content any lover of the romantic. At all events, I am content."

"And I am happy," he said. As they were leaving they turned back for a moment and looked at the fallen statue, now utterly disenchanted.

"I love the old fellow all the same," said Paul, "and I owe him a good turn. We'll set him up again in his old place, Gondoline, and make him our patron saint."

"And we'll come again some Christmas night, and visit him when the clock strikes twelve," said she; and they went home very happy.



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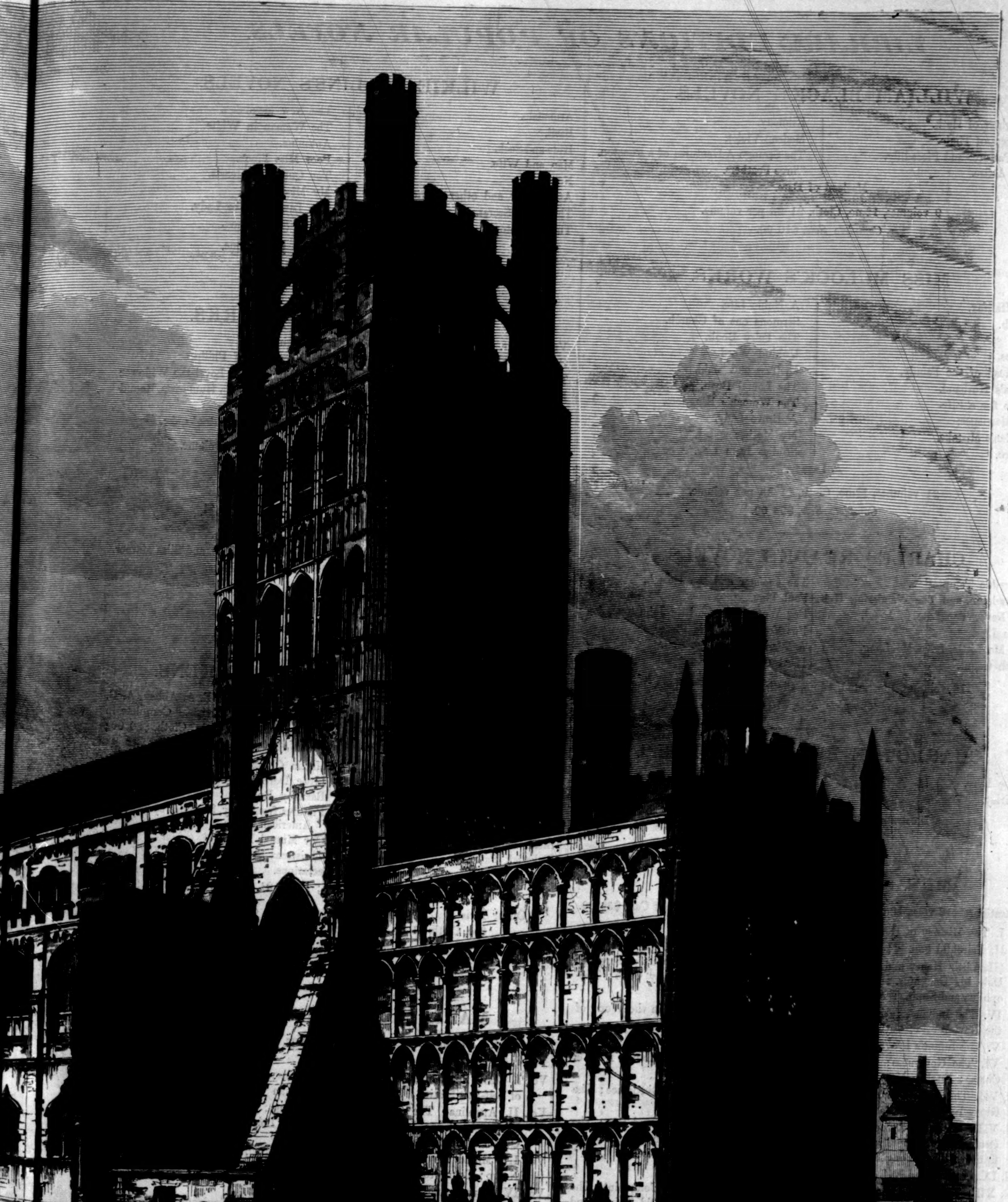

CATHEDRAL AT ELY.—[See Page 1028.]

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